THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

With other

SERMONS.

By EZEKIEL HOPKINS,
Now Lord Bishop of *London-Derry*.

LONDON:
Printed for *Nathanael Ranew*, *Jonathan Robinson*, and *Benjamin Tooke*, at the King's Arms, the Golden Lion, and the Ship, in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. MDCLXXXV.

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THE

VANITY

OF THE

WORLD.

TO THE

Right Worſhipful

Sir ROBERT VINER

Knight and Baronet.

SIR,

WEre You one of that ſort of Men, who value themſelves by the Bag, or the

Acre; it might poſſibly be thought rather an Affront, than a Dedication to prefix your Name to this Treatiſe. For ſince it is purpoſely intended to beat down the Price of the VVorld, and to expoſe its admired Vanities to publick contempt, thoſe ſordid Spirits,

rits, who have no other worth to commend them, but what is ſummed up in their yearly Revenues, would interpret ſuch an Addreſs, not ſo much a tender of Reſpect and Service, as a Deſign to undo and beggar them. But, Sir, to you, whom God hath doubly

bleſt with a large Eſtate, and a larger Heart, I doubt not but this Piece will be very acceptable; if upon no other account, yet at leaſt as the peruſal of it may be helpful to you to ſtrip off, and as it were, to ſequeſter all your worldly Advantages, that you may the better

ter take an eſti-
mate of your ſelf
according to your
Native and Genu-
ine Worth, both as
a Man; and as a
Chriſtian.

I am not ſo much
a Cynick, as to
plead for affected
Poverty, and a diſ-
dainful rejecting
the Gifts of Divine
Providence. Such
a moroſe & ſowre

Pride, I judg worthy to be chaſtis'd, not only with the cenſure of Vanity, but Impiety. VVe need not ſhelter our ſelves under any Monaſtick Vow; nor fly to Deſerts and Solitudes, to hide us from the Allurements of the World: This is to run away from that Enemy

Enemy whom we ought to conquer. Certainly Religion allows us the poſſeſsion of earthly Comforts; only it regulates the uſe, and forbids the inordinate love of them. VVe may prize them as Comforts, but not as Treaſures: And while we imploy a due part of our Abun-

Abundance in the works of a generous Charity, and true Piety, we may well look upon what is left, as a Salary that God gives us for being faithful Stewards of the reſt. Thus to uſe the world for the Intereſts of Heaven, to make its Enjoyments tributary to God's Glory,

Glory, it is to convert and proſelite it; and turn that into an Offering, which others make an Idol. By this we give Earth a Translation; and in a nobler ſence than the new Syſteme of Aſtronomy teacheth, advance it to be a Star, and a Celeſtial Body. And

by

by this Method, we change thoſe Helps that Vice had to make it ſelf prodigious and infamous, into the moſt ſerviceable Inſtruments that Vertue can have to make it ſelf conſpicuous and exemplary. For VVealth and Honour in a vertuous Perſon, are like the wel-

well-ſetting of a Jem; which, though it makes it not more precious, makes it more ſparkling.

But, Sir, I forget my ſelf, and inſtead of vvriting a Letter, am vvriting a Treatiſe. I ſhall make no other Apology for it, but that the Book being deſigned againſt Vanity,

nity, I vvould not have the Dedication of it guilty of that common and notorious One, to be fill'd only vvith Complements. And I hope you vvill not think it any thing of that ſtrain, when I ſhall aſſure you that my Prayers to God for you are, that you may ſtill enjoy all advantages of doing good here

on

on Earth, and hereafter receive the Reward of it in Heaven.

Your most humble,

and most obliged

Servant,

Oxon
Feb. 1.
1668.

Ezek. Hopkins.

DEDICATORY.

on Earth, and hereafter
ter receive the Reward
of it in Heaven.

Your most humble,

and most obliged

Servant,

Eyele Hopkins.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Eccleſiaſtes 1. 2.

Vanity of Vanities, ſaith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.

THE Preacher here mentioned, is no leſs a Perſon than *Solomon*: and this whole Book is

no other than his Recantation Sermon. The Text he preach'd on, is the ſame that I have choſen; and it contains the true and ſevere Judgment he paſt upon all things under the Sun. Certainly, he who had *Riches as plentiful as the* (a) *Stones of the Street*; and *Wiſdom as large as the Sand of the* (b) *Sea*, could want no Advantages, either to try Experiments, or draw Concluſions from them. And yet, when he had (c) employed both, in the critical ſearch of true Happineſs, and Contentment, and had diſſected and ranſacked the whole World to find it, He returns diſappointed of his Hopes, and tired with his Purſuit, and begins the ſad Narrative of his long

a) 1 Kings 8.27.

b) 1 Kings 4.29.

c) Eccleſ. 1. 16, 17.

long Wandrings and Errors, with *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.*

The whole Verse is loaden with Emphases: And it is first observable, That he doth not glide into it, by any smooth connexion of Sence, or Sentences; but on a sudden breaks upon us, with a surprising abrupeness, *Vanity of Vanities.* Which shews a Mind so full of Matter, that it could not attend the Circumstance of a Prologue to usher it in. 1.

Again; it is all expresst in the Abstract. It sufficed not to censure all things to be vain, but they are *Vanity* it self. 2.

And this Abstract hath another heapt upon it, *Vanity* 3.

of Vanities. Now this reflexion of the ſame word upon it ſelf, is alway uſed to ſignify the height and greatneſs of the thing expreſt, as *King of Kings*, and *Lord of Lords*, denotes the higheſt King, and the moſt abſolute Lord. So here *Vanity of Vanities* intimates to us the moſt exceeding Superlative Vanity imaginable.

4. Again; this is not only once pronounced, but doubled and repeated: partly the more to confirm this Truth to our belief; and thus *Pharaoh's* Dream was *doubled: and partly the more to imprint it upon our conſideration. *Vanity of Vanities, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.*

*Gen. 4. 32.

But

But though this be expreſt in moſt general and comprehenſive terms, yet it muſt not be taken in the utmoſt latitude, as if there were nothing at all of ſolid and real good extant. It is enough if we underſtand the words in a ſence reſtrained to the ſubject matter whereof he here treats. For the wiſe Man * himſelf exempts the *Fear* and *Service of God*, from that *Vanity* under which he had concluded all other things. God and Religion have in them a ſolid and ſubſtantial Good; the one as our utmoſt End and Happineſs, the other as the beſt proportioned Means to attain it.

* Eccleſ. 12. 13.

When therefore he pronounceth all to be Vanity, it muſt be meant of all worldly and earthly things; for he ſpeaks only of theſe. And if we enquire what theſe worldly Things are, that have this cenſure of Vanity ſo vehemently paſt upon them, Saint *John* hath drawn up a full and true Inventory of all the Goods that are to be found in this great Houſe of the Univerſe, 1 *John* 2. 16. *All that is in the World, is the Luſt of the Fleſh, the Luſt of the Eye, and the Pride of Life. The Luſts of the Fleſh*, are the Pleaſures of the World; which are all of them ſuited to gratify the ſenſual and fleſhly part of Man. *The Luſts of the Eye*, are Riches; ſo called, be-

because their greatest serviceableness is only to make a glittering and dazling shew. Which sence *Solomon* approves, Eccles. 5. 11. *What good is there to the Owners thereof, save the beholding them with their Eyes?* *The Pride of Life* is Honour and Dignity, that flatulent and airy Notion, that puffs up Mens Pride and Vainglory, and makes them look upon their Inferiors, as though they were not their Fellow-Creatures. This is all that the World can shew, *Pleasures*, *Riches*, *Honours*; and this is that *All* concerning which the wise Man prohounceth that it is *Vanity*.

For these things, tho they make a fair and gaudy shew,

yet it is all but ſhew and appearance. As Bubbles blown into the Air, wil repreſent great variety of Orient and Glittering Colours, not (as ſome ſuppoſe) that there are any ſuch really there, but only they appear ſo to us, through a falſe reflexion of Light caſt upon them: ſo truly this World, this Earth on which we live, is nothing elſe but a great Bubble blown up by the Breath of God in the midſt of the Air where it now hangs. It ſparkles with ten thouſand Glories; not that they are ſo in themſelves, but only they ſeem ſo to us thorough the falſe Light, by which we look upon them. If we come to graſp it, like a thin Film, it breaks, and leaves nothing

thing but Wind and Disappointment in our Hands: as Histories report of the Fruits that grow near the Dead Sea, where once *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood, they appear very fair and beautiful to the Eye, but if they be crush'd, turn straight to Smoak and Ashes.

Tacit. Hist. lib. 5. *Fumum exhalant & fatiscunt in vagum pulverem* Solin. Joseph. Antiquit. l. 5. c. 5.

The Subject which I have propounded to discourse of, is this Vanity of the World, and of all things here below; that being hereof convinced, we may desist our vain pursuit of vain Objects, and may set our Affections on those things which are Above, which are the alone valuable, because the only permanent and stable Good. Whence is it that we are become so degenerate, that

that we, who have immortal and heaven-born Souls, ſhould ſtake them down to theſe periſhing Injoyments? Whence is it, that we, who ſhould ſoar aloft unto God, and were to that end fitted with the fleet Wings of Meditation and Affections, to cut through the Heavens in an inſtant, and to appear there before the Throne of the great God, that we ſhould lie here groveling in the thick Clay and muck of this World, as if the Serpent's Curſe were become ours, *to creep upon our Bellies, and to lick up the Duſt of the Earth?* Do we not ſhamefully degrade our ſelves, when we ſtoop to admire what is ſo vaſtly below us, and barter away our precious Souls,

Gen. 3. 14.

Souls

Souls more worth than ten thouſand Worlds, only to gain ſome ſmall part of one? Certainly the God of this World hath blinded Mens Eyes, and caſt a ſtrange miſt before them, that they cannot diſcern, what is moſt evident and obvious, even the inſtability and vanity of all ſublunary Enjoyments. That I may therefore contribute ſomewhat to ſcatter this Miſt, I ſhall endeavour to repreſent to you the native and genuine Vanity that is in all earthly things, free from that deceitful Varniſh, which the Devil uſually puts upon them; and ſo to deform, and wound that great Sorcerer, that his charms may have no more Power to prevail over you.

Now,

Now, that we may rightly proceed in this, I ſhall premiſe theſe two or three things.

I. *Firſt*, There is nothing in the World vain in reſpect of its natural Being. Whatſoever God hath made, is, in its kind good. And ſo the great Creator pronounced of them, when he took a ſurvey of all the Works of his Hands. Gen. 1. 31. *God ſaw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good.* There is a moſt harmonious Order and Beauty in all the Creation, and every part of it. And therefore *Solomon* muſt not be here ſo interpreted, as if he diſparaged the Works of God in pronouncing them

them all *Vanity*. Certainly he doth not libel his Creator, nor upbraid him as though he had filled the World only with vain Toys and Trifles. If we regard the wonderful Artifice and Wisdom that shines forth in the Frame of Nature, we cannot have so unworthy a thought, either of the World it self, or of God who made it.

View the Sun (next unto † God) the great *Father of Lights*. View the numerous Assembly of the Stars, observe their Influences, their Courses, and Measures. Is it a vain or impertinent thing, to spread forth the Heavens, and to beat out a Path for every one of these to walk in! The

† *Jam.* 1. 17.

Air,

Air, that thin and subtil Vail that God hath spread over the Face of Nature; the Earth, that God hath poiſed in the midſt of the Air, and the whole Univerſe in the midſt of a vaſt and boundleſs Nothing; The great Sea, whoſe proud Waves God binds in with a Girdle of Sand, and checks its rage by a Body almoſt as unſetled and roling as it ſelf; The various kinds of Creatures that God governs by a wonderful *Oeconomy*; the great Family of brute Beaſts, which God brings up and educates without diſorder; but eſpecially Man, the Lord and Chief of the World, that knot that God hath tied between Heaven and Earth, that Sacred

Band

Band of Time with Eternity: If we consider the Frame and composure of all these things in themselves, or their usefulness and subserviency unto us, we shall be so far from branding them with Vanity, that unless our Contemplations lead us from natural things to the great God who formed them, we might rather fear lest their Beauty and Excellency should inviegle us, as it did the Heathen, to look no farther for a Deity, but worship them as Gods.

Secondly; There is nothing vain in respect of God the Creator. He makes his Ends out of all; for they all glorify him according to their several Ranks II.

Ranks and Orders; and to rational and considerate Men, are most evident Demonstrations of his infinite Being, Wisdom, and Power. In which sense the Apostle tells us, *Rom.* 1. 20. *The Invisible Things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even his Eternal Power and Godhead.* God hath composed two Books, by the diligent study of which we may attain to the knowledg of Himself; the Book of the Creatures, and the Book of the Scriptures. The Book of the Creatures is written in those great Letters of Heaven and Earth, the Air and Sea, and by these we may spell out somewhat of God. He made them for our Instruction,

Ἐχομεν δὲ ἔννοιαν θεοῦ πρῶτον μὲν ἀπὸ τοῦ καλλους τῶν ἐυφαινομένων προσλαμβάνοντες. Οὐδὲν γὰρ τῶν καλῶν εἰκῆ, καὶ, ὡς ἔτυχε γίνεται Plut. de placitis philos. c. 6.

as

as well as for our Service. The leaſt and vileſt of them read us Lectures of his Glorious Attributes; nor is it any Abſurdity to ſay, That as they are all the Works of his Mouth, ſo they are all the Words of his Hand. Indeed, this Knowledg that the Creatures give us of the Creator, cannot ſuffice to make us happy, tho it may be ſufficient to make us (a) inexcuſable. We could never have collected from them thoſe myſterious Diſcoveries of God, which the Scriptures exhibit, and which are ſo neceſſary to our eternal Bliſs. For what Signature is there ſtampt upon any of the Creatures of a Trinity in Unity; of the Eternal Generation, or Temporal In-

(a) Rom. 1. 20, 21.

carnation of the Son of God? What Creature could have informed us of our first Fall, and Guilt contracted by it? Or where can we find the Copy of the Covenant of Works, or of Grace printed upon any of the Creatures? All the great Sages of the World, tho they were Nature's Secretaries, and ransackt its abstrusest Secrets, yet all their Learning and Knowledg could never discover that Sacred Mystery of a Crucified Saviour. These are Truths which Nature and Reason are so far from finding out, that they can scarce (b) receive them when discovered. And therefore God hath manifested them to us by the Light and Revelation of the

b) 1 Cor. 2. 14.

the Holy Scriptures. But yet so much of God as belongs to those two great Titles of Creator and Governor of the World, our Reason may collect from created and visible Things, running up their Consequences, till they are all resolved into the first Cause and Origine of all.

Thirdly, Therefore, All the Vanity that is in worldly things, is only in respect of the sin and folly of Man. For those things are said to be Vain, which neither do, nor can perform what we expect from them. Our great Expectation is Happiness, and our great Folly is that we think to obtain it by the enjoyments *III.*

of this World. This makes Men purſue Pleaſures, hoard up Riches, court Honours and Preferments, becauſe they look with an over-weening conceit on theſe things, as ſuch as can make them truly happy. Whereas to ſeek for Happineſs among theſe worldly things, is but to ſeek the living among the dead: yea, it is but to ſearch for Happineſs among thoſe things which are the very Root and Occaſion of all our Miſery. They are all of them leaky and broken Ciſterns, and cannot hold this living Water. (c) This is it which makes them charged with Vanity, becauſe in our perverted Phancy, we look upon them as ſtable, permanent,

c) Τάραχος ὁ κυριώτατος ταῖς ἀνθρωπίναις ψυχαῖς γίνεται ἐν τῷ ταύτα μακάριά τε δοξάζειν καὶ ἄφθαρτα. *Epic. apud Laert. in vita Epicuri.*

nent, and ſatisfactory, fix them as our Journeys End, which ought only to be uſed by us in our Paſſage, and expect much more from them than they can yield: And ſo indeed the Vanity is not ſo much theirs as ours.

There are ſome things (as (d) S. *Auſtin* and the (e) *Schools* from him do well diſtinguiſh) which muſt be only *enjoyed*, other things that muſt be only *uſed*. To (f) enjoy, is to cleave to an Object by Love for its own ſake; and this belongs only to God. What we (g) uſe, we refer to the obtaining of what we deſire to enjoy; And this belongs to the Creatures. So that we ought

d) *Aug. doct. Chriſt. l. 1. c. 3*
e) *Lomb. l. 1. d. 1 Aquin. 1. 12. q. 11. 16 Durand. l. 1. d. 1. q. 4. Arim. d. 1. 4. 3. Art. 2. Altiſs. l. 3. tract. 10.*
f) *Frui eſt amore alicui rei inhærere propter ſeipſam.* Aug. *doct. Chriſt. l. 1. c. 4.*
g) *Uti autem quod in uſum venerit ad id quod amas, obtinendum referre. Id. ibid.*

ought to (h) use the Creatures, that we may arrive at the Creator: We may serve our selves of them, but we must alone enjoy him.

Now that which makes the whole World become Vanity, is when we break this order of Use and Fruition; when we set up any particular created Good as our End and Happiness, which ought only to be used as a means to attain it. All things in the World are in themselves good, but when we propound them as the greatest and highest Good that we expect satisfaction from, this turns them all into Vanity; and so every thing besides God, becomes nothing.

h) *Utendum est hoc mundo, non fruendum, ut invisibilia Dei per ea quæ facta sunt, intèlligantur, hoc est, ut de temporalibus æterna capiantur.* Aug. *ibid.*

And

And thus we have a brief account whence proceeds this Vanity of the World, not from the nature of things, but from those vain hopes and expectations we build upon them, for that happiness which they cannot afford.

It remains therefore to display before you this Vanity of the World, in some more remarkable Particulars: Whereof take these following Instances.

First; The Vanity of the World appears in this, That all its Glory and Splendor depends meerly upon Opinion and Phancy. It is not so much what things are, as what we ac- *I.*

account them, that makes them Good or Evil: And what can be vainer than that which borrows its worth from so vain and fickle a thing as our Estimation? And therefore we find the things of the World rated diversly, according to the esteem that Men have of them. What were Gold and Silver, had not Mens phancy stampt upon them an excellency far beyond their natural usefulness? This great Idol of the World was of no value among those barbarous Nations, where abundance made it vile. They preferred Glass and Beads before it, and made that their Treasure, which we make our Scorn. They despise our Riches, and we

Quantum apud nos indicis margaritis pretium est, tantum apud Indos in curalio. Namq; ista persuasione gentium constant. Plin. *lib.* 32. *de Gem. Benzoni del mondo nuovo, lib.* 1.

we theirs; and true Reaſon will tell us, that both the one and the other are in themſelves alike deſpicable; and it is only phancy that puts ſuch an immodeſt and extravagant price upon them, far above their natural worth. Should the whole World conſpire together to depoſe Gold and Silver from that ſoveraignty they have uſurped over us, they might for ever lie hid in the Bowels of the Earth, e're their true uſefulneſs would entice any to the pains and hazard of digging them out into the Light. Indeed the whole uſe of what we ſo much dote upon, is meerly phantaſtical; and to make our ſelves needy, we have invented an artificial

kind

kind of Riches; which are no more necessary to the Service of Sober Nature, than Jewels and Bracelets were to that Plane-tree which * *Xerxes* so ridiculously adorned. And altho we eagerly pursue these things, and count our selves poor and indigent without them; yet possibly right Reason will dictate, That they are no more needful to us, than to brute or senseless Creatures; and that it would be altogether as ridiculous for a Man to be deck'd with them, as for a Beast or Plant, were it but as uncommon. These precious trifles, when they are hung about us, make no more either to the warmth or defence of the Body, than if they were hung upon

* Ælian. *l.* 2. *c.* 14.

upon a Tree they could make its Leaves more verdant, or its ſhade more refreſhing. * Doth any Man lie the ſofter, becauſe his Bed-poſts are gilt? Doth his Meat and Drink reliſh the better, becauſe ſerv'd up in Gold? Is his Houſe more convenient, becauſe better carved or painted? Or are his Cloaths more fit, becauſe more faſhionable than another's? And if they are not neceſſary to theſe natural Uſes, all that is left them is but Phancy and Opinion. Indeed, Mankind cozen themſelves by compact, and by ſetting a value upon things that are

* Ταῦτα πάντα γίγνεται, τῶν μὲν ποικίλων ἱματίων οὐδὲν τι μᾶλλον θάλπειν δυναμένων, τῶν δὲ χρυσοφόρων οἰκιῶν οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον σκεπουσῶν τῶν δὲ ἐκπομάτων τῶν ἀργυρῶν οὐκ ὠφελούντων τὸ πότον, οὐδὲ τῶν χρυσῶν, οὐδὲ τῶν ἐλεφαντίνων κλινῶν τὸ ὕπνον ἡδίω παρεχομένων. Lucian. Cynicus.

are rare, have made many think themſelves poor, whereas God and Nature made all equally wealthy, had they not artificially impoveriſh'd themſelves. It is nothing but Conceit that makes the difference between the richeſt and the meaneſt, if both enjoy Neceſſaries. For what are all their ſuperfluous Riches, but a Load that Mens Covetouſneſs lays upon them? They are but like * Roman Slaves, that were wont to carry heavy burdens of Bread upon their Backs, whereof others eat as large a ſhare as they. Whatſoever is more than barely to ſatisfy the Cravings of Nature, is of no other uſe but only to † look upon. Thy Lands, thy Houſes,

* —*Ut ſi reticulam panis, venales inter, onuſto forte vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quam qui nil portarit.* Hor. *ſat.* 1.

† Eccleſ. 5. 11.

Houſes, and fair Eſtate, are but Pictures of things. The pooreſt that ſees them, enjoys as much of them as thy ſelf: Yea, and if Men could be contented with Reaſon, all that they behold with their Eyes, is as much theirs as it is the Owners.

And indeed if we ſtrip all theſe admired Nothings to their naked Principles, we ſhall find them as baſe and ſordid as the meaneſt of thoſe things which we ſpurn and deſpiſe; only Art or Nature put new ſhapes upon them, and phancy a price upon thoſe ſhapes. * What are Gold and Silver, but diverſified Earth, hard and ſhining Clay? The very place

* Ὀφαλέρνος χυλάριον ἐστι σταφυλίου καὶ ἡ περιπόρφυρος τριχία προβατίου αἱματίῳ κόγκης δεδυμένα.

μελόα. Οὕτως δεῖ παρ' ὅλον τὸν βίον ποιεῖν, καὶ ὅπου λίαν ἀξιοπιστότατα πράγματα φαντάζεται ἀπογυμνοῦν αὐτὰ, καὶ τὴν εὐτέλειαν αὐτῶν καθορᾶν καὶ τὴν ἱστορίαν ὑφ' ἣ σεμνύνεται περιαιρεῖν. M. Anto. de seipso, l. 6. S. 10. Edit. Cas. Τὸ σαπρὸν τῆς ἑκάστου ὑποκειμένης ὕλης. ὕδωρ, κόνις, ὀστάρια, γράσος ἢ πάλιν, πῶροι γῆς, τὰ μάρμαρα. καὶ ἀποστάθμαι ὁ χρυσὸς, ὁ ἄργυρος, καὶ τριχία, ἡ ἐσθὴς καὶ αἷμα ἡ πορφύρα. Id. l. 9. S. 30. 6.

place where they are bred, the Entrails of the Earth, upbraids us for accounting them precious. The best and richest Perfumes, what are they but the clammy sweat of Trees, or the mucous froth of Beasts? The softest Silks are but the Excrement of a vile Worm. The most racy and generous Wines, are nothing else but Puddle-Water strain'd through a Vine. Our choicest Delicates are but Dirt, cook'd and serv'd up to us in various Forms. The very same things which we contemn under one shape, we admire

mire in another; and with this, Phancy and Custom have conspir'd together to cheat us.

Think, O worldling! when thou castest thy greedy Eyes upon thy Riches, think, here are Bags that only Phancy hath fill'd with Treasure, which else were fill'd with Dirt. Here are Trifles that only Phancy hath called Jewels, which else were no better than common Pebbles. And shall I lay the Foundation of my Content and Happiness upon a Phancy, a thing more light and wavering than the very Air?

Nay, consider, That a distemper'd Phancy can easily alter a Man's Condition, and put

put what ſhape it pleaſeth upon it. If a black and ſullen Melancholy ſeizeth the Spirits, it will make him complain of Poverty in the midſt of his abundance; of pain and ſickneſs, in the midſt of his Health and Strength. 'Tis true, theſe are but the Effects of a diſtorted Phancy; but tho his Sickneſs and Poverty be not real, yet the torment of them is. It is all one, as to our diſquiet, whether we be indeed unhappy, or only * imagine our ſelves ſo.

Again; If the Phancy be more merrily perverted, ſtreight they are nothing leſs than Kings, or Emperors, in their own Conceit. A Straw is as majeſtick as a Scepter, they

* Ταράσσει τὸς ἀνθρώπος ὐ τὰ πράγματα ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δόγματα. Epictet. Enchir. c. 10. & diſſert. l. 3. c. 19.

they will ſpeak of their Rags as magnificently as if they were Robes: and look upon all that come near them as their Subjects or Servants. They make every Stone a Gem, every Cottage a Palace; all they ſee is their own, and all their own is moſt excellent. Now what think you, are theſe things vain, or no? I doubt not but you will conclude them moſt extreamly vain; and yet they ſerve their turns as well, and bring them in as much ſolace and contentment, as if they were really what they imagine them. Thus * *Thraſyllus* noted down all the Ships that arrived at the Port of *Athens*, thinking them and their Mer-

* Ælian. l. 4. c. 25.

chandize to be all his own. And when cured of that pleasant madness, * confest, That he never in his whole Life enjoyed so much content, as in that conceited Wealth those Ships brought him. And indeed for my part, I know not whether these things are more vain in the phancy, or in the Reality. Such is the exceeding Vanity of all things in the World, that were it not for the Eternal Concernments of the Soul, which cannot be so well regarded under a suspension or distraction of Reason, I should make no difficulty to account and prove them the happiest Men on Earth.

* Ἔλεγεν μηδέποτε ἡδῆναι τοσοῦτον, ὅσον τότε ἥδετο ὅτι ταῖς μηδενὶ αὐτῷ προσηκούσαις νάυσιν ἀπὸ σωζομένοις. Id. ibid.

If then there be so great a Power in Phancy, how vain must

muſt all thoſe things be which you purſue with eagerneſs and impatience, ſince a vain Phancy without them, can give you as much ſatisfaction, as if you enjoyed them all: And a vain Phancy can, on the other hand, in the greateſt abundance of them, make your lives as wearisome and vexatious, as if you enjoyed nothing. That is the firſt Demonſtration.

II. *Secondly*; The Vanity of the World appears in its deceitfulneſs and treachery. It is not only Vanity, but a lying Vanity, and betrays both our Hopes, and our Souls.

It betrays our Hopes, and leaves us nothing but diſappointment, when it promiſeth

Satisfaction and Happineſs. What ſtrange Confidences do we build upon the falſe flatteries of the World? In our proſperity we ſing a *Requiem* to our ſelves, and are ready to ſay, *Our Mountain is ſo ſtrong, that it ſhall never be moved*: But within a while God hath ſhaken it, like that of *Sinai*, and wrap'd it about with Clouds and thick Darkneſs.

Pſal. 30. 6, 7.

2. It betrays the Soul to Guilt and eternal Condemnation. For uſually the World intangles it in ſtrong, tho ſecret and inſenſible Snares, and inſinuates into the Heart that love of it ſelf, which is inconſiſtent with the love of God. The World is the Devil's Factor, and drives on the Deſigns of Hell.

The

The Apoſtle hath told us, 1 Tim. 6. 9. *They that will be rich, fall into Temptation, and a Snare, and many fooliſh and hurtful Luſts, which drown Men in Deſtruction and Perdition.* And becauſe of the ſubſerviency of worldly enjoyments to Mens Luſts, it is almoſt as impoſſible a thing to moderate our Affections towards them, or to bound our Appetites and Deſires, as it is to aſſwage the thirſt of a Dropſie by drinking, or to keep that Fire from encreaſing, into which we are ſtill caſting new Fuel. And therefore our Saviour hath pronounced it as * *hard for a rich Man to enter into Heaven, as for a Camel to go through the Eye of a Needle.* * Luke 18. 25.

As *Judas* gave a ſign to the Officers that came with him to apprehend Jeſus, * *Whomſoever I ſhall kiſs, the ſame is he, hold him faſt*: The ſame ſign doth the World give the Devil. Whomſoever I ſhall careſs and favour, whomſoever I ſhall heap honour and riches on, whomſoever I ſhall embrace and kiſs, the ſame is he, hold him faſt. Such a darling of the World is too often faſt bound in the ſilken Bands of Voluptuouſneſs, and conſigned over to be faſt bound in Chains of maſſy Darkneſs.

* Mat. 26. 48.

III. As all things in the World are lying Vanities, ſo are they all Vexatious. They are infamous to a Proverb, *Uncertain Comforts, but moſt certain Croſſes.*

And

And therefore the wiſe Man concludes them all to be, not only *Vanity, but Vexation of Spirit.*

There is a four-fold Vexatiouſneſs in all worldly things.

There is a great deal of turmoil and trouble in getting them; nothing can be acquired without it. The Sweat of *Adam*'s Brows hath ſtream'd down along upon ours, and the Curſe together with it, * that in ſorrow we ſhould eat of that which Toil and Labour hath provided for us. Men riſe early, and go to bed late, and eat the Bread of carefulneſs, and ſuch is either their Curſe, or their Folly, that they make their Lives uncomforta- 1. * Gen. 3. 19.

ble, only to get the Comforts of Life.

2. Whether they get them, or no, yet ſtill they are diſappointed in their Hopes. † If they cannot compaſs their Deſigns, then they are tormented, becauſe they fall ſhort of what they laboured for; if they do compaſs them, yet ſtill they are tormented, becauſe what they laboured for, falls ſhort of what they expected from it. The truth is, The World is much better in ſhew than ſubſtance: And thoſe very things we admire before we enjoy them, yet afterward we find much leſs in them than we expected. As he that ſees a falling Star ſhoot through the Air, and draw after it a long train

† *Ex his triſtitia ſequitur, ſi aut non ſucceſſit, aut ſucceſſus pudet.* Senec. *de tranquil. c.* 11.

train of Light, runs to the place; and thinking to get ſome bright and glittering thing, catches up nothing but a filthy Jelly; ſuch is the diſappointment we find in our purſuit after the enjoyments of this World: They make a glorious ſhew at a diſtance, but when we come near them, we find our Hopes deluded, and nothing upon the place but a vile Slime.

Thirdly; They are all Vexation while we enjoy them. Be it what it will that we poſſeſs of the World, it is but by fits at moſt, that we take any great pleaſure in it: And then, what between Cares and Deſigns to ſecure the continuance of it, and 3.

and fears of losing it, the comfort of enjoying it is wholly swallowed up. * For strong Affections begetting strong Fears, do always lessen the delight of present Enjoyments. This is the unhappiness of all things in the World, that if we set any price and value upon them, we lose much of the sweetness of them, by fearing to lose them.

* Ἡ γὰρ σφοδρὰ φιλία καὶ ἑκάστου ὑπερθυμία σφοδρότατον φόβον ἐκποιοῦσα τοῦ μὴ παραμένειν, ἀσθενῆ τὸ χαίρειν ποιεῖ καὶ ἀβέβαιον, ὥσπερ φλόγα, καταπνεομένῳ. Plut. de tranquil.

4. *Fourthly*, They are all Vexatious, as in their Enjoyment, so especially in their Loss. Whatever we set our Hearts upon, we may assure our selves, and experience will teach it us, that the pleasure of possessing it, will not near coun-

countervail the bitterneſs of loſing it. And as if God had on purpoſe ſo ordained it, to take off our Hearts from the World, the better we eſteem any thing, the more Vanity and Vexation ſhall we find in it; for the more will our Care and Perplexity in keeping it, and the more our Grief and Torment in loſing it be encreaſed. That's a third Demonſtration.

Fourthly; The Vanity of the World appears in this, That a little Croſs will embitter great Comforts. One *dead Flie* is enough to corrupt a whole *Box* of the World's moſt fragrant *Ointment*. How much will only the aking of a Tooth, IV.

a fit of the Stone or Gout deaden and disheartен us, to all the Joys and Pleasures of Life? Certainly, the World must needs be vain, that cannot bear out the brunt of a little pain or sickness. The least cross Accident is enough to discompose all our Delights. And indeed there are so many Ingredients required to make up worldly Felicity, † Riches, Health, Friends, Honour, good Name, and the like; that if any of these be wanting, the whole Composition is spoiled; and we shall take advantage against our selves to conclude we are miserable. For such

† Φαίνεται καὶ τῆς ἐκτὸς ἀγαθῶν προσδεομένη (εὐδαιμονία) Ἐνίων τυπόμενοι ῥᾳδίως τὸ μακάριον, οἷον εὐγενείας, εὐτεχνίας, κάλλους. οὐ πάνυ γὰρ εὐδαιμονικὸς ὁ τὴν ἰδέαν πανάσχημος, ἢ δυσγενὴς, ἢ μονώτης καὶ ἄτεκνος. Ari. E. l. 1. c. 8. & l. 10. c. 8.

ſuch is the peeviſhneſs of our Nature, that if we have not all we would, we take no content in any thing we have. And beſides, we are apt † to ſlide off from the ſmoother part of our Lives, as Flies from Glaſs, and to ſtick only on the rougher Paſſages: For neither is Senſe capable to be ſo much or ſo long affected with the Impreſſions of Pleaſure, as of pain, (ſince never could there yet be any Delights invented as piercing, as there are many Torments) nor yet is our buſy remembrance ſo officious in calling back the pleaſant Paſſages of our

† τοῦτο τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἐπιταράσσει. ὅταν ὥσπερ αἱ μυῖαι τῆς λείων τόπων ἐν τοῖς κατόπτροις ἀπολισθαίνουσι, ταῖς δὲ τραχύτησι προσέχονται καὶ ταῖς ἀμυχαῖς οὕτως ἄνθρωποι τῆς ἱλαρῶν καὶ προσηνῶν ἀποῤῥέοντες, ἐμπλέκονται ταῖς τῆς ἀηδῶν ἀναμνήσησι. Plutarch. *de tranquil.*

our days to our review, as thoſe that have been more gloomy and dolorous. And though it be our ſin to look more upon the Croſſes we find, than the Comforts we enjoy; yet here we may likewiſe ſee how vain a thing it is for us to expect Happineſs and Contentment from the World, whoſe Croſſes as they are more, ſo they are more conſiderable than its Comforts.

V. Fifthly, conſider, The longer we enjoy any worldly thing, the more flat and inſipid doth it grow: We are ſoon at the bottom, and find nothing but Dregs there. In all the Pleaſures of Life, either

either our Spirits ſink and fall under the continuance of them, as not able to bear a conſtant tenſion and emotion; or the Delight conſiſts meerly in the novelty and variety of the Objects, which when we are made more familiar with, are but dull, becauſe ordinary: And ſo they either tire our Appetites, or deceive our Hopes. And therefore the moſt artificial Voluptuaries have always allowed themſelves an intermiſſion in their Pleaſures, to recruit Nature, and ſharpen their ſenſual Deſires, without which they would but cloy and ſurfeit; and inſtead of Pleaſures, prove only a waſte and oppreſſion to the Spirits.

† *Epicurus*

† *Certos habebat dies ipſe magiſter voluptatis* Epicurus, *quibus malignè famem extingueret.* Sen. *Ep.* 18. *Ep. ad Menœceum apud Diog. Laert. in vitâ Eunic.* τὸ συνεθίζειν ἐν ἁπλαῖς καὶ οὐ πολυτελέσι διαίταις ταῖς πολυτελέσιν ἐν διαλειμμάτων προστεχομένοις, περιττὸν ἡμᾶς διατίθησι.

† *Epicurus* himſelf, the great Maſter and Servant of Pleaſure, who made it the higheſt Good & chiefeſt Happineſs of Man, ſet himſelf certain days of Abſtinence in courſe, wherein he would but niggardly ſatisfy his Stomach, well knowing that the pleaſure of Gluttony, could never be ſo much enhanc'd as by an interval of Hunger.

For what is a furniſh'd Table to him whoſe conſtant Meals overtake one another, but only the heaping of Food upon Crudities and Indigeſtion? What the Titles of Honour to a Perſon born Noble?

ble? They signify no more to him, than it doth to another Man, when he hears himself called by his ordinary Name. What is respect and honour to a Man long accustomed to it? It brings him no great content when he hath it, but torments him when he fails of it. Give these things to those that are unacquainted with them, if you would have them valued. Bring a poor Man to a Table of Delicates; invest an ignoble Person with Honours and Dignities; give respect to a despised Person, and for the present you bless them. But Time and Custom will wear off this Content: And the †tediousness even of such a Life as this, will make them wil-

† —— *Sunt talis quoque tædia vitæ Magna. Voluptates commendat rarior usus. Juv. Sat.* 11.

willing at leaſt for their Divertiſement and Recreation to * retire to their homely Cells and Station. For as it is with thoſe that are accuſtomed to ſtrong Perfumes, they themſelves cannot ſcent thoſe Odours, which to others that uſe them not, are moſt ſweet and fragrant: So it fares with us in the long continuance of worldly Enjoyments; our Senſes are ſo ſtuft and even ſuffocated with them, that we cannot perceive them; and unleſs we purchaſe Pleaſures by alternate Sorrow, they are but loſt upon us. Now how vain muſt the World needs be, whoſe Comforts are not valuable while we have them, but while we have them not? And how

* *Non exiſtimes me ducere te ad modicas canas & pauperum cellas, & quicquid aliud eſt per quod luxuria, divitiarum tædio ludit.* Sen. *Ep.* 18.

how vain are those Joys for which we must pay down as much Grief, as the Joys themselves are worth? So that upon ballancing the Accompt, there remains nothing to us: And it had been altogether as good to have enjoyed nothing.

VI. Again, Consider, all the Pleasure of the World, is nothing else but a tedious repetition of the same things. Our Life consists in a † round of Actions, and what can be duller than still to be doing the same things over and over again? Ask the most frollick Gallant, whose only study it is how he may pass his time merrily, and live happily:

† Πάντα ἐξ' ἀιδίς ὁμοσιδῆ καὶ ἀνακυκλούμενα καὶ ὀλίγα διαφέρει ποτέρων ἐν ἑκάτον ἔτεσιν, ἢ ἐν διακοσίοις ἢ ἐν τῷ ἄπειρῳ. τὰ αὐτὰ τίς ὄψεται. Antonin. l. 2. S. 12.

ly: What account can he give of his Pleaſures, but that from his Bed, he riſeth to his Table, from his Table to his Sports, from them he tumbles into his Bed again? This is the moſt gentile and faſhionable Life. And are theſe the great Joys that a World ſo prized and ſo admired can afford? One half of his pleaſant Life he ſpends in ſleep, a dull ſtate, which we may rather reckon to Death than Life. The other half he ſpends in clogging his Appetite, and tiring his Body, and then to ſleep again. What generous and noble Deſigns are theſe! Fit for high Spirits and high Births; while the contemptible Peaſants are left to do the Drudgery of the World,

World, and to be the only ſerviceable Men in it. Nay, rather what a pittiful Circle is this, ſtill to be doing the ſame things, and things which we have before ſearch'd and often found all that is in them. So that even a Heathen * could ſay, That only a valiant or a miſerable Man might deſire to die, but a nice and delicate Man, as diſdaining the irkſome repetition of the ſame things.

* *Cogita quamdiu eadem facias. Cibus, ſomnus, libido. Mori velle, non tantum prudens & fortis aut miſer, ſed etiam faſtidioſus poteſt.* Sen. *Ep.* 77.

Seventhly; The Vanity of the World appears in this, That it can ſtand us in no ſtead, then when we have the greateſt need of ſupport and comfort. There be two Seaſons eſpecially, in which the VII.

Soul wants relief and comfort, and they are in trouble of Conſcience, and at the hour of death. Now in each of theſe the World ſhews it ſelf to be exceeding vain and uſeleſs.

1. Firſt; The World appears to be vain, when we are under trouble of Conſcience. What choice Comforts the Soul then ſtands in need of, thoſe who have felt the ſting and terrors of it, can beſt tell. The torments they then feel, next to thoſe of the damned, are the moſt intollerable, and the moſt unutterable. God ſets them up as his Mark, and ſhoots his Arrows, dipt in flaming Poiſon, into the very midſt of their Souls. He kindles a ſecret

cret Fire in them, that consumes their Bones, dries up their Marrow, and scorches their Entrals; and such is the spreading Rage of it, that oftentimes it smoaks out at their Mouths in despairing Outcries.

The Spirit of a Man, (saith *Solomon,* Prov. 18. 14.) *will bear his Infirmity*; i. e. The natural chearfulness and vivacity of a Man's Spirit, will inable him to bear up under bodily pains; *But a wounded Spirit who can bear?* When our Prop it self is broken, we must needs sink, and fall under the most gloomy apprehensions that Guilt and Hell can create in a Soul already sing'd with those Eternal Flames into

which with unſpeakable horror it daily expects to be plunged. Oh! think what exact torture thou muſt needs endure, when God ſhall make deep wounds in thy Spirit, and let fall great Drops of his burning Wrath, on that part of thy Soul that is infinitely more tender and ſenſible than the Apple of thine Eye. Imagine what ſharp and intollerable pains thoſe *Martyrs* ſuſtained, who (as the *Apoſtle* tells us, *Heb.* 11. 37. *Were ſawn aſunder.* Or ſuppoſe that thou thy ſelf wert now under the ragged Teeth of a Saw, drawn to and fro upon the tendreſt parts of thy Body, tearing thy Fleſh, thy Nerves, and Sinews; grating and jarring

ring upon thy very Bones: Yet all the extremity of this, is nothing to what Torments the Conſcience feels, when God cauſeth his Sword to enter into it, to rive it up; when he makes deep and bloody wounds in it, and inſtead of pouring in healing Balm, with an heavy Hand chafes them with Fire and Brimſtone.

Now in ſuch a time of anguiſh and diſtreſs as this, What is there that can relieve the afflicted Soul? The Worldling that heaps up his ill-gotten Treaſures, and wallows in thick Clay, when God comes to ranſack his Conſcience, and to ſet before him the Guilt of his Sins, will then know with terror

terror and amazement, that there is a Juſtice which Gold and Silver cannot bribe. The voluptuous Perſon will no longer reliſh any ſavourineſs in his carnal Delights, when once *God* * *writes bitter things againſt him.* What is Mirth and Muſick to him that can now hear nothing but the ſcrieches of his own Conſcience? What is a full Cup to him, that can now taſte nothing but the Cup of Fury and Trembling? Little content will the Noble take in his honourable Titles, if all this while his Conſcience call him Reprobate. A Title of Honour will no more abate the Torments of Conſcience, than it doth mitigate *Belzebub*'s tor-

* Job 13. 26.

torments to be ſtiled Prince of the Devils. All the World's Hony will not ſerve to allay the invenomed ſtingings of Conſcience. That's a fiery Serpent, a deaf Adder, that will not be charm'd by all the alluring Pleaſures of the World. Theſe are vain and impertinent to one whoſe thoughts are wholly poſſeſt with the fear of Wrath and Hell, from which theſe cannot deliver him. When God makes a Wound in the Spirit, the whole World cannot make a Plaiſter broad enough to cover it.

Secondly; The World is a vain and uſeleſs thing at the hour of Death. Poſſibly, many of us may never conflict with 2.

with the terrors of Conſcience, nor have that conviction of the World's Vanity: But yet we muſt all conflict with Death, that *King of Terrors*. Suppoſe therefore (what muſt certainly once be) that we were now gaſping our laſt, our Tongues faltering, our Eye-ſtrings breaking, our Limbs quivering, a dead cold and ſtiffneſs invading us; were our Souls toſt to and fro upon our expiring Breath, and like Wrecks at Sea, ſometimes caſt up, and by and by ſuck't back again, What could ſtand us in ſtead, and make our paſſage happy at ſuch a time as this? Now the Soul requires the ſtrongeſt, the richeſt Cordials. Prepare it one mingled

led of the beſt Ingredients the whole World can afford; Caſt into the Cup Riches, Honour, Pleaſure, the Quinteſſence of all that is here deſirable, yet alaſs! What is all this World to a dying Man who is juſt leaving it?

Thy wicked Companions, with whom thou haſt laught and ſinn'd away thy freſheſt Years, will in this thy laſt extremity forſake thee; or if they do attend ſo ſad a Spectacle; alaſs, What miſerable comforters will they be? They will then prove another bad Conſcience to thee, and bring to thy remembrance with horror the ſins which thou haſt committed by their enticement, or they by thine. Thy mirth

mirth and jollity, will then be turned into groans and howlings: All things will ſtare ruthfully upon thee, and when thou calleſt upon them for help, confeſs their impotency to reſcue thee from the gripe of Death, and from the doom of Juſtice.

Non domus & fundus, non æris acervus & auri, Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febris, Non animo curas. Horat. *Ep.* 2.

Sickneſs is uſually a buſy time with Conſcience, and when it is packing up for a remove into the other World, it will be ſure to gather together all the Sins of a Man's Life, and bind them as an heavy and inſupportable burden upon his Soul. Can thy ſenſual Pleaſures divert thee now? As they have ſerved thee to paſs away the tediouſneſs of Time, can they ſerve

to

to pass away the infinite tediousness of Eternity? Nay, how can it otherwise be, but that a mind long soak'd and softned by these, should be made the more capable of receiving deep impressions of Grief, Anguish, and Despair?

Indeed, while we eagerly pursue any of these worldly Enjoyments, we are but running after a Shadow: And as Shadows vanish, and are swallowed up in the greater shade of Night; so when the Night of Death shall cast its thick Shade about us, and wrap us up in deep and substantial Darkness, all these vain Shadows will then disappear and vanish quite out of sight.

Now could we have the same

ſame Opinion of the World in the time of our Health and Proſperity, as we ſhall certainly have when we lie languiſhing and drawing on to Eternity, we ſhould be able then with a generous ſcorn to live above it and deſpiſe it. Shall we prize thoſe Comforts, which will be none to us, when we have the greateſt need of Comfort? Shall we glue our Affections to that which either is ſo faithleſs that it will not, or ſo weak that it cannot help us?. So vain a thing is it, that it cannot reſiſt the diſgrace that ſleep or only winking doth. Shut but your Eyes, and what becomes of all the pomp and luſtre, the beauty and ſplendor that we

we ſo much admire in the World? It all vaniſheth into Darkneſs and Nothing. Sleep ſnatcheth us from it; and for the time, we have no more enjoyment of it than if we were dead. Every Night we die in our Beds, and yet every Day are ſo immerſt in the Pleaſures and Buſineſſes of the World, as if we were never to die indeed. Since therefore we have higher and nobler Objects to fix our Affections on, let us not laviſh them out upon theſe worldly Vanities, which can at no time prove real Comforts unto us; and then leaſt of all, when we have moſt need of comfort. That's a ſeventh Demonſtration.

VIII. Again; All things in the World are vain, becauſe they are unſuitable. True indeed, they are ſuited to the Neceſſities of the Body, and ſerve to feed and cloath that; but He is a Beaſt, or worſe, that reckons himſelf provided for, when only his bodily Wants are ſupplied. Have we not all of us precious and immortal Souls, capable and deſirous of Happineſs? Do not theſe crave to be ſatisfied? Do they not deſerve to be heard? Shall our vile Bodies which are but Duſt and Worms-meat, engroſs all our care how to pleaſe and pamper them, and ſhall the Neceſſities of our never-dying Souls be neglected?

What

What have you laid up in ſtore for theſe? Alas! That which moſt Men buſy themſelves about, is to heap up temporal Riches, *To join Houſe to Houſe, and Land to Land, that they might dwell alone upon the Earth.* Iſa. 5. 8. But know, thou doſt but give thy Soul Huſks and Swines-meat, when thou ſetteſt the whole World before it.

And therefore *our Saviour* juſtly brands the *Rich Man* in the Goſpel for a *Fool*, that when he had ſtufft up his Barns with Corn, ſaid to his Soul, * *Soul, thou haſt much Goods laid up for many Years.* A Fool indeed to meaſure the Soul's Goods by the Barn, or by the Buſhel. The very ſame is the folly of moſt Men, who think they *Luk. 12. 19

are in all reſpects well provided for, if they can but ſcrape together a great Eſtate, whereas the Soul can no more live upon theſe things, than the Body can upon a thought or notion.

There is a three-fold unſuitableneſs, between worldly things and the Soul.

1. Firſt; The Soul is Spiritual, theſe are droſſy and material. Of all things belonging to a Man, his Breath is the moſt ſubtile, inviſible, and ſpiritual. But now the Soul is * Gen. 2. 7. called the * *Breath of God*, and therefore muſt needs be Spiritual in a high degree. And what then hath a ſpiritual Soul to do with Clods of Earth, or Acres of Land, with Barns full

full of Corn, or Bags full of Gold? These are too thick and gross to correspond with its refined Nature. But rather bring Spiritual Things to Spiritual. God who is the †*Father of Spirits*, his Love and Favour, an Interest in him, and Communion with him, the Consolations of the Holy Ghost, the Actings of Grace, and the Hopes of Glory; these Spiritual and Clarified Essences, which a carnal Eye cannot see, nor a carnal Judgment value; these are most suitable to the Soul, that is a Spirit, and ought not to be unequally yoak'd to the Dregs and Dross of Earthly Enjoyments.

† Heb. 12. 9.

2. Secondly; The Soul is immortal, but all worldly Things are periſhing, and wear out in the uſing. And therefore it was but ſmall Comfort, when the rich Man ſung his *Requiem*, to ſay, *Soul, take thy eaſe, thou haſt Goods laid up for many Years.* Thou Fool! What is an Eſtate for many Years, to a Soul whoſe duration is not meaſured by Years, but by Eternity? What when thoſe Years of Plenty are expired? How deſtitute will thy Soul be when it ſhall have out-lived all its good things? It may out-live them, even in this World. God may nip and blaſt all that thouſetteſt thy Heart on, and make all thy Comforts fall off from thee, like ſo many withered

thered Leaves. However, if thou haſt no other than what this miſerable World can afford, thou ſhalt certainly outlive them in the World to come: And what wilt thou do, not in thoſe Years, but in that Eternity of Famine?

As it is with thoſe that are invited to feaſt in ſome noble Family, the Furniture is rich, the Entertainment ſplendid and magnificent; but when they depart, they cannot of all that Pomp and Bravery, carry any thing away with them: So is it here; the World is God's great Houſe, richly furniſh'd, and we well entertain'd in it; we have all things liberally afforded us for our

uſe; but nothing of all is ours. And therefore God hath ſet that grim Porter, Death, at his Gate, to ſee that as we brought nothing into it, ſo we carry nothing out of it. What a ſad parting-hour will it be to the Soul, when it muſt go into another World, and leave all that it admired and loved, behind in this? How will it protract, and linger? How loth will it be to enter upon ſo great a Journey, and carry nothing to defray the Charges of it? Certainly, dying muſt needs be a terrible thing to thoſe who have gotten nothing but what they can no longer keep, when their Souls muſt be ſet on ſhore in a vaſt and black Eternity, all naked

naked and deſtitute, having nothing to relieve or ſupport them.

Thirdly; The Neceſſities of the Soul, are altogether of another kind, than thoſe which worldly things are able to ſupply; and therefore they are wholly unſuitable. Natural Things may well ſerve for natural Wants. Food will ſatisfy Hunger; and Raiment fence off the Injuries of the Weather, and Riches will procure both. But the Soul's Neceſſities are Spiritual, and theſe no Natural Thing can reach. It wants a Price to redeem it; nothing can do this but the precious Blood of Chriſt. It wants Pardon and Forgiveneſs; nothing can grant it, but 3.

but the free and abundant Mercy of God. It wants Sanctification and Holineſs, Comfort and Aſſurance; nothing can effect theſe but the Holy Ghoſt. Here all worldly things fall ſhort. The Exigencies of the outward Man they may ſupply; but the greateſt abundance of them, can never quiet a troubled Conſcience, nor appeaſe an angry God, nor remove the condemning Guilt of the leaſt Sin: No, *The Redemption of the Soul is precious* (more precious than to be purchaſed by theſe poor things) *and it ceaſeth for ever.*

Pſal. 49. 8.

Poſſibly now in the time of your Peace and Proſperity, you regard not theſe ſpiritual Wants;

Wants; but when the days of Sorrow and Darkneſs ſhall come upon you, when God ſhall drop into your Conſciences a little of his Wrath and Diſpleaſure, you may as well ſeek to cure a Wound in your Body, by applying a Plaiſter to your Garment, as ſeek to eaſe a wounded Spirit by all the Treaſures, Pleaſures, and Enjoyments of this World. *Riches* (ſaith the *Wiſe Man*) *profit not in the day of Wrath*: For indeed they cannot reach the Soul to bring any true ſolace to it. Prov. 11. 4.

Thus you ſee how unſuitable the World is to the Soul. Unſuitable to the Nature of it, for the Soul is Spiritual, but all Earthly Enjoyments are

are droſſie and material; the Soul is immortal, but theſe are all periſhing: Unſuitable alſo to the Neceſſities of the Soul, which they can never reach nor ſupply.

IX. Again; The Vanity of the World appears in its Inconſtancy and Fickleneſs. God's Providence adminiſters all Things here below in perpetual Viciſſitudes. His Hand turns them about like ſo many *Wheels*, (to which they are compared, *Ezek.* 1.) the ſame part is now uppermoſt, and anon lowermoſt; now lifted up in the Air, and by and by grated through the Mire. This is the mutable condition of the World. And there-

therefore we find it compared to the *Moon*, *Rev.* 12. 1. where the Church is deſcribed to be *Cloathed with the Sun, and to have the Moon* (that is, the World) *under her feet.* And well may it bear the reſemblance, for it is ſtill waxing and waning, ſometimes full of brightneſs, at other times ſcarce a ſmall ſtreak of Light to be diſcerned. There are none of us but have had experience in ſome kind or other, of the inconſtancy of theſe ſublunary Enjoyments. When the Sun ſhines bright and warm, all the Flowers of the Field open and diſplay their Leaves, to receive him into their Boſoms; but when Night comes, they fold together, and ſhut up all their

their Glories: And though they were like ſo many little Suns ſhining here below, able, one would think, to force a day for themſelves; yet when the Sun withdraws his Beams, they droop, and hang the Head, and ſtand neglected, dull and obſcure Things. So hath it fared with us: While God hath ſhone upon us with warm and cheriſhing Influences, we opened and ſpread, and flouriſh'd into a great Pomp and Glory: But he only hides his Face, draws in his Beams, and all our beautiful Leaves ſhut up, or fall to the Ground, and leave us a bare Stalk, poor and contemptible.

Or if there have been no ſuch conſiderable Mutations in what concerns us, yet the Revolutions that God hath of late Years brought upon others, ſo beyond Expectation or Example, may well inſtruct us in the Vanity of the World, and make us no leſs contemn it, than admire that infinite Wiſdom that governs it.

It is ſaid of the *Wheels*, Ezek. 1. 17. *That they went upon their four ſides.* For one Wheel interſecting and croſſing another, the whole muſt needs conſiſt of four Sides or Semicircles: And moving upon theſe four ſides, it muſt of neceſſity move very ruggedly, by jolts and jerks. So truly the Providences of God do

do ſometimes move unevenly, as croſs Wheels would do moving upon their ſides. Great and ſuddain Changes are often brought to paſs without being ripened by ſenſible Degrees; but happen by the ſurpriſal of ſome unexpected Providence, and, as it were, by the ſuddain jerk of the Wheel, ſhaking off thoſe who ſate on the top, and cruſhing them in its paſſage over.

'Tis true, theſe Mutations which to us ſeem ſo confuſed and tumultuary, are all orderly and harmonious in the Divine Counſel and Foreknowledg. There is not a Providence that breaks its Rank, nor a Wheel that moves out of its Tract; and there is

a

a destined End for them all, the Glory of the Almighty Creator, to which, while every Creature pursues its own Inclinations, he sweetly, and yet efficaciously sways them. They are all like Arrows shot at a Mark by an unerring Hand: Some are shot point-blank, and some by compass, but none so carelessly as to miss it. Though Changes may surprize us, yet they do not surprize God: But as it is a great pleasure to us, to see our Designs and Forecasts accomplished; so infinite Wisdom delights it self to look on, and see how all things start up into their Place and Order, as soon as called forth by his efficacious Decree and Fore-

knowledg. Among all the weighty and arduous Cares of Governing the World, it is (if I may ſo expreſs it) the Recreation of Providence, to amuſe Mankind with ſome wonderful Events; that when we cannot find out the Connexion and Dependance of ſecond Cauſes, we may humbly acquieſce in adoring the abſolute Soveraignty of the Firſt: And by obſerving the Mutations of Affairs here below, may be taught to repoſe our ſelves in him who only is immutable. Thus God adminiſters the various Accurrences of the World according to the Counſel of his own Will; and makes the inconſtancy of it, ſerve both

for

for his Delight and our Admonition.

It is in vain therefore to expect happineſs from what is ſo uncertain. All the Comforts of it are but like fading Flowers, that while we are looking on them, and ſmelling to them, die, and wither in our Hands. Is it Pleaſures we ſeek? Theſe muſt vary: For where there is not an intermiſſion, it is not pleaſure, but a glut and ſurfeit. And hence it is that they who are uſed to hardſhips, taſte more ſweetneſs in ſome ordinary Pleaſures, than thoſe who are accuſtomed to a voluptuous Life, do in all their exquiſite and invented Delights. Do you purſue Honour and Applauſe

in the World? This hangs upon the wavering Tongues of the Multitude: To follow this, is but to purſue a puff of Wind, and of all Winds in Nature the moſt fickle and changeable. The People's *Hoſanna*, and Crucify, are oft pronounced in the ſame breath. And beſides that it is * no great matter that thoſe ſhould think or ſpeak well of thee, who have but too much reaſon to think ill of themſelves; beſides this, conſider how ſoon publick Fame grows out of breath. Poſſibly an Age or two may talk of thee, but this Bruit is but like ſucceſſive Eccho's, that render the Voice ſtill weaker and weaker, till at length it vaniſheth into

* Ἐπαινεῖσθαι θέλεις ὑπὸ ἀνθρώπων τοιούτων οἵους αὐτὸς καταφρονεῖς. Ant. l. 8. Sect. 44.

into ſilence. Yea, couldſt thou fill whole Chronicles with thy Story, yet Time or Moths will eat thee out: And the † freſher remembrance of other Mens Actions wil bury thine in Oblivion. Is it Riches you deſire? Theſe too are uncertain; 1 *Tim.* 6. 17. *Charge them that they truſt not in uncertain Riches.* Uncertain they are in getting, and uncertain in keeping when got. All our Treaſures are like Quickſilver, which ſtrangely ſlips between our Fingers when we think we hold it faſteſt. *Riches,* (* ſaith the wiſe Man) *make themſelves Wings, and fly away as an Eagle towards Heaven;*

† Ὡς αἰθῖνες ἄλλα ἐπ' ἄλλαις ἐπιφορούμεναι κρύπτουσι τὰ πρότερα· οὕτως ἐν τῷ βίῳ τὰ πρότερα ὑπὸ τῶν ἐπενεχθέντων τάχιστα ἐκαλύφθη. Id. l. 7. S. 23.

* Prov. 23. 5

and it were a most strange folly † to fall passionately in love with a Bird upon his Wing, who is free and unconfined as the Air in which he flies, and will not stoop to thy Call or Lure. How much better were it, since they will fly, for thy self to direct their flight towards Heaven, by relieving the necessitous Servants and Members of Jesus Christ. Then will their flight be happy and glorious, when they carry on their Wings the Prayers and Blessings of the Poor, whose Bowels thou hast refreshed. This is to lay up Treasure in Heaven, to remit thy Monies to

† Ὥσπερ εἰ τίς τι τῶν παραπετομένων ςρουθίων φιλεῖν ἀρχοῖτο, τὸ δ' ἤδη ἐξ ὀφθαλμῶν ἀπελήλυθιν. *Id. Lib.* 6. *Sect.* 11. The same with that of *Solomon, Wilt thou set thine Eyes upon that which is not?* &c.

to the other World, where they ſhall be truly paid thee, with abundant Intereſt. This is to lay up a Stock for hereafter, that thou mayeſt have whereon to live ſplendidly and gloriouſly to all Eternity. And thus to lay out, is to lay up, to lay up uncertain Riches in a ſafe Repoſitory: God's Promiſes ſhall be thy ſecurity, and every Star in Heaven, a Seal ſet upon the Treaſury-door which none can break or violate.

Thus you ſee how mutable and inconſtant all worldly Things are. So that we may truly apply that which the *Pſalmiſt* ſpeaks of the Earth in another ſenſe, That *God hath founded it upon the Sea, and eſta-* Pſal. 24. 2.

bliſh'd it upon the Floods. Such is the waving, and fluctuation of all things here below, that they are no more conſtant, than if they were meerly built upon the ebbing and flowing of the Tide.

X. *Laſtly*; The Vanity of the World appears in this, That it is altogether unſatisfactory. That muſt needs be Vain, which when we enjoy it in its greateſt abundance, can give us no real nor ſolid content. Such an empty thing is the whole World. You may as ſoon graſp a bundle of Dreams, or take up an Armfull of your own Shadow, as fill the vaſt and boundleſs deſires of your Souls with theſe earthly

earthly Enjoyments. And therefore the *Psalmist* speaking of prosperous Sinners, sets forth their state by the most thin and empty things imaginable; *Psalm.* 73. 30. *As a Dream when one awakes, so, O Lord, thou shalt despise their Image,* The Images and Representations that a Dream makes, seem very brisk and lively; but when we reflect upon them with our waking Thoughts, we find them confused and impertinent. Such is all the prosperity of this World, it is but as the Image and Fiction of a Dream.

* As an hungry Man that dreams he is at a furnish'd Table, and fills himself with all varieties of Delicates, how joyful

* Isa. 29. 8.

joyful, and how pleas'd is he, how fully satisfied, if he were not to wake again! But some one jogs or calls him; he wakes, and finds himself hunger-starv'd, nothing fed but his Fancy. So is it with us in this World. While the Soul lies under the Coverlet of this Body, it sleeps: And one thinks himself Rich; another, Great and Noble; a third, Learned and Wise: But alas! All this is only a Dream: When either Afflictions, or Death, make a noise, and call upon him, the sleepy Soul awakes, and finds it self empty and hunger-starv'd. After all the imaginary store it enjoyed.

Now, the Unsatisfactoriness of the World, may be clearly

clearly evinced by these two things.

First; In that the highest Condition we can attain unto, cannot free us from Cares and Crosses. Yea indeed it is so far from freeing us, that it rather encreaseth them, It doth but make us spread the wider, and stand the fairer mark for trouble. And yet we are like Children, that think the Sky lies on yonder Hill; thither they run, hoping to touch it there: When they come, they find it dislodg'd to another Hill; after it they run, and pursue it from Hill to Hill, and after all their pains and sweat, find themselves as far below it as at first: So it fares with us. We think Happiness, and true Con- 1.

Content lies in ſome condition above us. Thither we haſten, hoping we ſhall reach it there. When we arrive thither, we find, the Happineſs we ſought for is diſlodg'd, and ſeems to us to reſt in a Condition above that; But when we attain this too, ſtill we are as far below Happineſs and Satisfaction, as we were in our loweſt Eſtate.

When we change our outward Condition, be it to never ſo great advantage, we do not loſe, but only change our Cares. If we are freed from the Cares and Groſſes of a poor and private Life; we fall into thoſe of a pompous and envied Greatneſs, which are both more numerous, and more

more oppreſſive. *The Man that lies moſt compacted, and in leaſt compaſs in the World, is like to ſcape beſt: Whereas the great Ones, that take up much room, do only ſhew in how many Places, and Concernments, they are liable to be wounded. It is not therefore any thing in this World that can give you ſatisfaction. All the Enjoyments of it are to the Soul, as Wind to the Stomach, they may gripe it, but they can never ſatisfy it. Indeed ſo vain are they, that they ſcarce have any other proof of their Reality,

* *Anguſtanda ſunt patrimonia, ut minùs ad injurias fortunæ ſimus expoſiti. Habiliora ſunt corpora in bello, quæ in arma ſua contrahi poſſunt, quàm quæ ſuperfunduntur, & undique magnitudo ſua vulneribus objicit.* Sen. *de tranq. c.* 8. *Cogendæ in arctum res ſunt, ut telum in vanum cadat.* Id. *c.* 9.

lity, but the pain and torment they bring with them.

Secondly; The World appears to be unsatisfactory, in that be our Condition what it will, yet still we desire change. We can no more rest in an high Estate, than in a Low; but still we desire something further, and something better. * As sick Men toss to and fro, from side to side, thinking to find ease, by changing their posture; whereas it is not their outward Posture, but their inward Distemper, that is the cause of their restlessness: So do we endeavour

* Ὥσπερ οἱ δειλοὶ καὶ ναυτιῶντες ἐν τῷ πλεῖν, εἶτα ῥᾷον οἰόμενοι διάξειν ἐὰν εἰς γαυλὸν ἐξ ἀκάτου, καὶ πάλιν ἐὰν εἰς τριήρη μεταβῶσιν, οὐδὲν περαίνουσι, τὴν χολὴν καὶ τὴν δειλίαν συμμεταφέροντες ἑαυτοῖς· οὕτως αἱ τῶν βίων ἀντιμεταλήψεις οὐκ ἐξαίρουσι τῆς ψυχῆς τὰ λυποῦντα καὶ ταρόττοντα ταῦτα δ' ἐστὶν ἀπειρία τῶν πραγμάτων, ἀλογιστία, τὸ μηδύνασθαι, μηδ' ἐπίστασθαι χρῆσθαι τοῖς παροῦσι ὀρθῶς. Plut. *de Tranquil. Animi.*

vour to change and ſhift Conditions in the World, and lie ſometimes in one poſture, and ſometimes in another, but yet are reſtleſs in all; for whereſoe're we tumble, we carry our Diſeaſe with us, falſe Opinions, and fooliſh Hopes, and impotent Deſires, and fond Deſignes, which make us complain of our preſent State, and wiſh the amendment of that, when nothing wants Cure but our ſelves.

† The Servant thinks he ſhall be a happy Man when he is made free. Is the Free-

† οἱ δεδεμένοι εὐδαιμονίζουσι τοὺς λελυμένους, ἐκεῖνοι δὲ τοὺς ἐλευθέρους· οἱ δὲ ἐλεύθεροι, τοὺς πολίτας, οὗτοι δὲ πάλιν αὖ τοὺς πλουσίους· οἱ δὲ πλούσιοι, τοὺς Σατράπας· οἱ δὲ σατράπαι τοὺς βασιλεῖς· οἱ δὲ βασιλεῖς τοὺς θεοὺς μονονουχὶ βροντᾶν καὶ ἀστράπτειν ἐθέλοντες. Εἶτα οὕτως ἀεὶ τῶν ὑπὲρ ἑαυτοὺς ἐνδεεῖς ὄντες, οὐδέποτε τοῖς καθ' ἑαυτοὺς χάριν ἔχουσιν, &c. Plut. *Ib.*

man

man happy? No: But he ſhall be, when he hath gotten ſuch an Eſtate. Is the Rich Man happy? No: But he ſhall be when he is inveſted with ſuch an Honour and Dignity. Well; Is the Honourable Man happy? No: Unleſs he be Supream. And thoſe who are Supream, cannot think themſelves compleatly happy, unleſs they be Univerſal Monarchs, And thoſe who were ſo, we find they could not reſt there, but would needs be adored for Gods. Oh whither do the boundleſs Deſires of Men hurry them! Nothing in this World can put a ſtop to them.

It was a pertinent Discourse of *Cineas*, disswading *Pyrrhus* from undertaking a War against the *Romans*: Sir, (saith he) When you have conquer'd them, what will you do next? Then *Sicily* is near at hand, and easy to master. And what when you have subdued *Sicily*? Then we'll pass over to *Africk*, and take *Carthage*, which cannot long withstand us. When these are conquer'd, what will be your next attempt? Then (saith *Pyrrhus*) we'll fall in upon *Greece*, and *Macedon*, and recover what we have lost there. Well, when all are subdued, what Fruit do you expect from all your Victories? Then (saith he) we'll sit down and Plutarch. *in vitâ Pyrrhi.*

enjoy our ſelves. Sir, (replies *Cineas*) May we not do it now? Have you not already a Kingdom of your own? And he that cannot enjoy himſelf with a Kingdom, cannot with the whole World. Such are the Deſigns of Men, and ſo we may anſwer them. Moſt are projecting how they may get ſuch an Eſtate; then how they may raiſe themſelves to Honour, and think that their advancement in both, will bring them ſatisfaction. Alas! This will not do. Their deſires will ſtill run before them: And they may as well ſit down content vvhere they are, as vvhere they hope to be.

And

And the reaſon of this unſatisfactorineſs in worldly things, is becauſe none of them are ſo good as the Soul is. The Soul, next to Angels, is the very Top and Cream of the whole Creation, other things are but Dregs and Lees compared to it. Now that which is our Happineſs, muſt be better than our ſelves; for it muſt perfect us. But theſe things being far worſe, and inferior, the Soul in cleaving to them, is ſecretly conſcious that it abaſeth and diſparageth it ſelf; and therefore cannot find true ſatisfaction. Nothing can fill the Soul, but that which eminently contains in it all good. But now, as Light is only divided, and parcel'd

out among the Stars, but is all united in the Sun: So Goodneſs is only parcell'd out among the Creatures; this Creature hath one ſhare, and that another; not any of them contains the whole ſum of Goodneſs. This is proper to God only, who is the Author and Original of them all, in whom all Excellencies and Perfections are concentred. And therefore in him alone can be found that reſt and ſatisfaction which the Soul in vain ſeeks for, in any thing beſides himſelf.

Theſe are the Demonſtrations of the World's Vanity; which, though they be many, and various, yet I doubt not but

but every Man's particular experience may furniſh him with divers others. But whatever our Obſervations are, the Uſes we may make of them are theſe.

Firſt; It ſhould teach us to admire and adore the good Providence of God to his Children, in ſo ordering it, that the World ſhould be thus vain, and deal ſo ill with thoſe who ſerve it. For if it were not ſo infamous and deceitful as it is, if it did not fruſtrate and diſappoint our Hopes, and pay us with Vexation, when it promiſeth Fruition and Content: What thinkeſt thou, O Chriſtian, would be the end of this? Would any one think of I.

God, or remember Heaven, and the Life to come? St. *Auguſtine* ſomewhere ſpeaks excellently, *Turbat me Mundus, & Ego eum diligo; quid ſi non turbaret? The World troubles and moleſts me, and yet I love it; What if it did not trouble me?* Certainly, we ſhould fall into an utter forgetfulneſs of God, if we could find any true ſatisfaction here. We ſhould never think of returning to the Fountain of living Waters, if we could find enough in Ciſterns to quench the Thirſt of our Souls. And therefore God deals with us, as ſome great Perſon would do with a diſobedient Son, that forſakes his Houſe, and riots among his Tenants: His Father

ther gives order they ſhould treat him ill, affront, and chaſe him from them, and all, that he might reduce him. The ſame doth God. Man is his wild and debauch'd Son. He flies from the Commands of his Father, and cannot endure to live under his ſtrict and ſevere Government. Whither goes he? But to the pleaſures of the World, and Revels and Riots among the Creatures. But God reſolves to recover him, and therefore commands every Creature to handle him roughly. Burn him Fire, toſs him Tempeſts, and Shipwrack his Eſtate, forſake him Friends, Deſigns fail him; Children be rebellious to him, as he is to me; let his Supports and De-

pendances ſink under him, his Riches melt away, leave him poor, and deſpis'd, and deſtitute. Theſe are all God's Servants, and muſt obey his Will. And to what end is all this, but that ſeeing himſelf forſaken of all, he may at length, like the beggar'd Prodigal, return again to his Father.

II. *Secondly*; If the Vanity of the World be ſuch, and ſo great, if it be only an empty Bubble, a ſwelling Nothing, leſs ſolid than the dream of a Shadow; if it be thus unſuitable, uncertain, and unſatisfactory, as I have demonſtrated to you: what groſs folly then are moſt Men guilty of in

in ſetting ſo high a price upon that which is of no worth nor ſubſtance? Though formerly we have been ſo much deceived as to take the World's Paint and Varniſh for true Beauty, and its glittering for ſubſtantial Treaſure; yet now ſince the Cheat is diſcovered, ſince you have ſeen this falſe Pack opened, and nothing but counterfeit Wares obtruded upon you, your folly will be inexcuſable, if after Experiments and Admonitions, you ſhould contribute any longer to your own Cheat, and ſet a price upon things which you know to be vile and worthleſs. The wiſe Man (as you have heard) ſums up their whole Value, only in a great Cypher,

pher, and a great Blot, *Vanity, and Vexation.* At what price would you rate *Vanity*, which is nothing? Or *Vexation*, which is worse than nothing?

And therefore our Saviour, *Mark* 4. 9. compares the things of this World to *Thorns*; *Some fell among Thorns*: which Thorns he interprets to be the *Cares of this World, and the deceitfulness of Riches*, v. 19. Now, he were a mad Man, that to assuage his Hunger, would attempt to swallow a Bush of Thorns. No less is the madness and extream folly of most Men, who to satisfy the eager Appetite of an hungry and indigent Soul, gape after the *Thorns* of this World, and chew *Thistles*; which

which instead of yielding them either Grapes or Figs, will only serve to pierce them through with innumerable Sorrows.

A Man's Wisdom or Folly is commonly judged by the Bargains he makes. If he lay out that which is very precious, to purchase what is of no worth, this we justly account a foolish Bargain. If on the other hand, he purchase that which is of great Price, with something little worth, we account it a wise and thriving Bargain. Now here we may see the gross folly of most Men. Though they are wise enough in bartering one part of the World for another; yet they shew themselves very

Fools

Fools in purchaſing any part of the World with that which is no part of it. The Scripture hath told us, That all that is in the World, is Honour, Pleaſure, or Profit. While we only traffick with theſe for one another, we do not amiſs. The World is a proper price for it ſelf. And doubtleſs we may lawfully part with ſome worldly Advantages to procure others. But then there are other things which do not belong to the World under this Acception: Our Affections, our Conſciences, our precious and immortal Souls. And theſe God hath given us to trade vvith for Heaven, and Eternal Glory. Novv herein lies the folly of moſt Men, that they purchaſe

purchaſe the vile things of this World, vvith ſuch an ineſtimable price, and extravagantly outbid themſelves to procure Triffes with that which might procure them eternal Happineſs. More particularly.

Firſt; Is it not extream folly to laviſh out precious Affections, upon vile and vain Objects? Affections are the Wings of the Soul, without which the Soul it ſelf, were but a dull and unactive Carkaſs. Theſe God hath given it, that it might be able to take its flight to Heaven, and lodg it ſelf in his Boſom. Now, how unworthy a thing is it, only to flutter to and fro upon the ſurface of the Earth, to clog and clotter theſe Wings with

with mire and dirt, which were at first made to take so high, and so noble a flight?

* Col. 3. 2. * The Apostle hath commanded us to *set our Affections on things Above, and not on things on the Earth.* And indeed, there is great reason for it. For the two choice Affections of the Soul are *Love*, and *Joy*. Now that is most worthy our Love, that can return a Joy most worthy of us. But the Joy that the World gives, is usually tumultuous, alway check'd with some secret annoy, and it ends with a dulness and damp upon the Spirits. It is but like the empty † *crackling of Thorns under a Pot*, that for the present makes a great noise and blaze, but suddenly vanisheth

† Eccl. 7. 6. *Flamma stipula exorta, claro crepitu, largo fulgore, cito incremento; sed enim materiâ levi, caduco incendio, nullis reliquiis.* Apul. Apol.

niſheth all away into ſmoak. Whereas an heavenly Chriſtian feels ſometimes a ponderous and weighty Joy, a Joy ſpringing up in his Soul, almoſt intolerable, and altogether unutterable, a Joy that melts him into extaſie and rapture. How infinitely doth he then diſdain that any Soul ſhould be ſo wretchedly ſottiſh, as to prefer the World before, or equalize it with God! He thinks the Happineſs he then enjoys ſo great, that although he believes it is, yet he cannot conceive how it ſhould be more, or greater in Heaven it ſelf. Then the Soul claps its Wings; it would fain take its flight, and be gone: it breaths, it pants, it reaches after

after God, and falls into an Agony of Joy and Desire inconceivably mixt together. Can the World give us any such over-powring Joy as this? It may afford us Corn and Wine, the weak Recruits of a frail Life: but when it hath emptied all its Store and Abundance into our Bosoms, it is not worthy to be mentioned with the Love and Favour of God, which is *better than Life* Psal. 63. 3. *it self.* And therefore the *Psalmist* makes it his Prayer, Psal. 4. 6. *Lord, lift thou up the Light of thy Countenance upon us: Thou hast put gladness in my Heart, more than in the time that their Corn and Wine encreased.*

Joy

The Joy of the World reſembles a Torrent: As upon a glut of Rain, you ſhall have a Torrent come rolling along with Noiſe and Violence, overflowing its Banks, and bearing all before it; yet it is but muddy and impure Water, and 'tis ſoon gone and dried up. Such is all the Joy this World can give; it makes a great noiſe, 'tis commonly immoderate, and ſwells beyond its due Bounds, yet 'tis but a muddy and impure Joy, it ſoon rolls away, and leaves nothing behind but a drowth in the Soul. Now ſince the World's Joy is but ſuch a poor empty thing as this, it is moſt groſs folly for us to lay out our beſt Love upon that which

cannot repay us with the best Joy.

2. *Secondly*; If the World be thus vain, what folly is it to lay out our most serious Cares and Contrivances upon it! The Cares of worldly Men are most absurd and irrational. Ask them why they care? they will tell you it is that they may live without care: and yet the more they get, the more do their Cares swarm and encrease about them. To what purpose do they thus disquiet themselves? They were as good make Nets to catch the Wind, as lay Plots either to obtain, or secure a World, which is so slippery, and so full of Disappointments, that neither

ther they who have it, are sure of keeping it; nor they who have it not, of getting it. We may observe a kind of coyness in the World: Those who court it most, and pursue it closest, oft-times miss of their Designs, because they over-act them. And it is commonly seen, that those (who as we use to say) have many Irons in the Fire, get nothing thereby, but only the burning of their own Fingers.

'Tis true, there is a prudential and providential Care, that is so far from being chargeable with folly, that it is necessary, and a great part of our Duty, not only as we are Men, but as we are * Christians. And this prudential Care is, when

* 1 Tim. 5. 8

we do, what lawfully we may to procure the Comforts of Life; and then with all Quietneſs and Indifferency, ſubmit the ſucceſs to God. This is a Care of Diligence. But that which is juſtly branded with Folly, is a Care of Diffidence, which is alway accompanied with Torment, Fears, and Diſtractions about the Succeſs and Iſſue, and moſt unreaſonably vexeth us, for what is not in our power to determine. Such a Care as this uſurps upon God. And certainly it is no leſs a Fault to invade God's part, than to neglect our own; and a like Folly. The right temper a Chriſtian ſhould obſerve in procuring any worldly Comfort, is to intereſt his Judg-

Judgment in the choice of Means, but to keep his Affections disinterested and unconcern'd in the Event. But when we are anxious how our Designs will succeed, we make it a Torment to us in getting, before we can make it a Comfort to us in enjoying.

To what purpose then dost thou, O worldling, rack thy Brains with Contrivances, how to fill thy Baggs with Treasure, how to empty them out with Advantage? When thou hast added Heap to Heap; of all thy Store thou enjoyest no more, than what thou eatest, or drinkest, or wearest: And of this too thou enjoyest no more, than will just suffice to satisfy thy Hun-

ger; to quench thy Thirſt, and to fence off the Injuries of the Weather: All the reſt turns either to Diſeaſes, or Burdens. True Reaſon will teach us to chuſe our Eſtates, as we would do our * Garments, not thoſe which are largeſt, but thoſe which are fitteſt for us. Vaſt and overflowing Eſtates are but like huge enormous Rudders, that rather ſerve to ſink the Ship, than ſteer it: Their Abundance is uſeleſs, and their Exceſs dangerous. To what end therefore is all our care and carking, all our perplexing and ſolicitous Thoughts, thoſe parching

* *Fortuna, velut tunica, magis concinna quàm longa probanda, quippe etiam ea ſi non geſtetur, & trahatur, nihilo minùs quàm lacinia prapendens impedit & pratipitat. Etenim in omnibus ad vitæ munia utendis, quicquid aptam moderationem ſupergreditur, oneri potius quam uſui exuberat.* Apul. Apol.

parching and consuming Distractions, which can hasten on nothing but our own natural Decays; to what end are they, unless it be to contradict our *Saviour*, and shew that we have a Power to make our * *black Hairs white*? When we lay subtil and intricate Designs, to obtain the things of this World, we are but like Spiders, that with a great deal of Art and Labour, weave a curious Cobweb, only to catch Flies, and possibly spend more of their Bowels in framing it, than the Prey they catch can again repair. Yea, and it may be too, before the Prey be caught, both they and their Web are swept down together, and trod in the Dust.

* Mat. 5. 36.

So when we frame Designs, to get any worldly Advantage, it is but taking a great deal of pains to catch a Fly. And possibly before it be caught, the rude hand of Death wraps us about in our Cobweb, and sweeps us down into the Grave, † and *in that very moment, we, and all our well-laid Projects perish together.*

† Ps. 146. 4.

3. *Thirdly*; If the World be thus vain, What extream and prodigious Folly is it, to take as much pains to secure the poor and perishing Concernments of it, as would suffice to secure Heaven and Eternal Glory, were they laid out that way? We labour for the

Bread

Bread that periſheth, and we periſh with it in our very Mouths. About this are our Hearts, our Hands, our Strength, our Time employed: vvhereas the great Things of Eternity are ſo utterly neglected by us, as if they vvere none of our Concernments to look after. Were vve but as laborious in our Chriſtian Calling, as vve commonly are in our Worldly Callings, Salvation vvould not lie upon our Hands unvvrought; God and Chriſt, and all Heaven vvere ours. Who vvould doubt, vvhen they ſee Men ſo buſy about Impertinencies, and the trivial Affairs of this World, but that they were much more anxious about their Souls? Who vvould

not

not conclude, that certainly their great Work is already done, that ſhall ſee them ſo earneſt and ſolicitous about petty Matters? But alas! It may aſtoniſh Men and Angels, that rational Creatures, vvho have immortal Souls, Souls vvhoſe endleſs duration, muſt abide either in inconceivable Miſery or Bliſs, ſhould trifle avvay that time and ſtrength vvhich might ſecure their everlaſting Happineſs, about thoſe vain Nothings, that have neither Happineſs in them, nor Continuance. Certainly, the Service of God is not more painful, than the drudgery of the World: And ſure I am, it is far more cleanly. Thou ſhalt not in his Service

vice ſet thine Hand to any foul Office: Whereas the World employs thee baſely to rake together thick Clay, and load thy ſelf with it; and the Devil, yet worſe, to rake in the mire and filth of all manner of Defilements, which now pollute the Soul, and will hereafter damn it. Both theſe are moſt grievous Taſk-maſters. Some *draw Iniquity with Cords of Vanity, and Sin as it were with a Cart-rope*, Iſa. 5. 18. They are ſo enſlaved to the Work of the Devil, that he puts them into his Team, makes them draw and ſtrain for their Iniquities, and doth them a Courteſy when their Sins come eaſily. He makes them toil and ſweat in carry-

ing

ing Faggots to their ovvn Fire, and blovving up thoſe Flames, vvhich muſt for ever burn them. Others (as the *Prophet* expreſſeth it, *Hab.* 2. 13.) *labour in the Fire, and weary themſelves for very Vanity.* They take great pains in the VVorld, and meet vvith great Diſappointments; for both are ſignified by *labouring in the Fire*, vvhere vvhat they produce, cannot be enjoyed, but is conſumed betvveen their hands.

Since then you muſt take ſo much pains, either for Sin, or Vanity, vvhy vvill you not be perſvvaded rather to lay it out upon that vvhich is ſubſtantially good and eternally ſo? God requires not more, but

but only other Work from you: And the *many things* that *Martha* was careful about, Religion and Holineſs reduceth to the *one Thing neceſſary*; which though it contains many particular Duties under it, yet by reaſon of its uniformity and ſubſerviency to it ſelf, is leſs diſtracting and cumberſome. The Wheels of a Watch move and click as faſt, when it goes falſe, as when it goes true: and if it be but ſet right at firſt, the ſame activity of the Spring will ſo continue it, which before made its Motion irregular. So it is here: The ſame Activity and Induſtry which you irregularly uſe in purſuit of the World, would procure

procure Heaven and Glory for you, were it that way directed. Your Cares, your Contrivances, your Endeavours, need be no more than now they are; only what before you laid out upon the World, reserve now for Heaven. And how infinitely reasonable is this! Certainly they are most stupidly foolish, that will take up Vanity at as dear a rate as Happiness, and give as much for Vexation, as for endless Joy.

4. *Fourthly*; If the things of this World be so vain, what inexcusable Folly is it to part with the Peace, or the Purity of our Consciences for them! And yet what more common?

If

If Men can get any thing of the World at the price of a Sin, they think they have made a gainful Bargain. And therefore the Devil hath recourse to this, as his most prevailing Temptation. When he set on our *Saviour* in the Wilderness, the last Assault was, * *All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me*; And when this Battery could not make a Breach, he raiseth his Siege, as despairing of success. And this is the usuall temptation by which he assaults others. *Judas* comes with his † *Quid dabitis*, what will you give me? and sets Christ, and his own Conscience to sale, for the inconsiderable sum of *thirty*

* Mat. 4. 9.

† Mat. 26. 15

pieces

pieces. He demands no more than the common Market * Exod. 21. 32. *price of a Slave (not amounting to above † eight and thirty Shillings) for the Lord of Life and Glory: And thinks his Bargain so good, that he gives himself to the Devil for Vantage. This is the very Root of all that Injustice, and Rapine, and Oppression, and Violence that is to be found among Men. They all strive and tug, who shall get most of this Earth from one another; and lose Heaven, and their own Consciences in the scuffle. This is it that makes Men so oft shift their Sails, that they may run before every Wind that blows. If times grow rough and tempestuous,

† *Accounting the value of the common Shekel to be 15 pence of our Mony.*

and

and they must throw overboard, either their Gain, or their Godliness; this perswades them to make shipwrack of Faith and a good Conscience, only that they may bear up in this World, though they sink hereafter. Now, what deplorable Folly is this! When thy Conscience is disquieted with the tormenting review of past Crimes, what will all thy ill-gotten Wealth avail thee? Thou wilt then with extream horror cast thy Eyes upon all thy Treasures of Wickedness, when Conscience shall tell thee, Thou hast not only treasur'd up them, but Wrath too against the Day of Wrath.

5. *Fifthly*; What desperate Folly is it to purchase a vain World, with the loss of our precious Souls! So our *Saviour*, Math. 16. 26. *What is a Man profited if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul; or what shall a Man give in exchange for his Soul?* O think what great losers they must needs be, who lose their Souls, to gain the World, and must at last lose the World too, together with their Souls! This is the only thing that damns Men, that they prefer the Pleasures, Honours, Profits, and pitiful Nothings of this World, before their precious and immortal Souls, which are more worth

worth than ten thouſand Worlds. What is this but a ſtupidity as groſs as that of the old Heathens, to make a vile VVorm our God, and ſacrifice an Ox to it; or a Monſter our God, and ſacrifice a Man to it? Think how dreadful and grating will be the reflexions of VVorldlings in Hell, to conſider that there they muſt lie and burn to Eternity, for their inordinate love to that VVorld, of which they have nothing left them, beſides the bitter remembrance. VVhat will it then avail them that they have lived here in Eaſe and Delights, when all their Mirth ſhall be turned into Groans and Howlings? VVhat will all their

Treaſures and Riches avail them, when theſe ſhall be melted down about them, to encreaſe their torment? Believe it, 'tis ſad to be left to the conviction of that Day, when the Vanity of Earth ſhall appear in the Torments of Hell. Be perſwaded therefore, as you have renounced it in all its Pomps and Vanities, when you gave up your Names to Chriſtianity, ſo to renounce it likewiſe in your Lives; habitually, at all times, by ſitting looſe from it, and living above it; and actually, whenſoever God calls for any of your temporal Enjoyments, that is, when you cannot keep them without wounding your Conſciences, and hazarding your Souls. *Thirdly*;

Thirdly; Another Uſe may be this, If the VVorld be thus vain and empty, why then ſhould we pride our ſelves in, or prize our ſelves by any poor enjoyments of it? How fooliſh is it to account thy ſelf a better Man than another, only becauſe thy Dunghil is a little bigger than his! Theſe things are not at all to be reckoned into the value and worth of a Man: they are all without thee, and concern thee no more than fine Cloaths do the health or ſtrength of the Body. 'Tis VVealth indeed that makes all the noiſe and buſtle in the VVorld, and challengeth all the reſpect and honour to it ſelf, and the ignorant 3.

Vulgar, whoſe Eyes are dazled with Pomp and Bravery, pay it with a ſtupid and aſtoniſh'd Reverence. Yet know, that it is but thy Silks and Velvet, thy Lands, or thy Retinue and Servants; they venerate, not thee: and if thou think'ſt otherwiſe, thou art as juſtly ridiculous, as that Aſs in the Apologue, that grew very gravely proud, and took ſtate when the People fell proſtrate before him, adoring not him, but the Idol he carried.

Thoſe things which belong to the perfection of a Man, are all within him: Knowledg, and Wiſdom, and Temperance, a ſerene Mind, and calm Affections, an inflexible Vertue, and a Soul conſtant and

and true to it ſelf in all Occurrences. Give me ſuch an one that can ſtand firm and unſhaken upon his own Baſis, when the whole World totters; that knows what is juſt and honeſt, and dares do it; that is maſter of his own Paſſions, and ſcorns to be a Slave to another's; ſuch an one in his Rags and Poverty, is a far better Man than thoſe gay things, who owe all their Parts, and Wiſdom, and Vertue, to their Rentals, and whoſe Tenants and Stewards bring them in the yearly Revenue of their Reputation. But then ſuppoſe this excellent Perſon indowed with Divine Grace, and the true Fear and Love of God, and this will exalt him

above the higheſt and greateſt of other Men, as far as they themſelves are above the vileſt of Beaſts. *Solomon* tells us, Prov. 10. 20. *That the Heart of the Wicked is little worth*; it is of no price nor value: And ſhall his Eſtate be, when his Heart is not? Indeed nothing makes us rich as Men, but Wiſdom and Vertue; nor as Chriſtians, but Piety and Holineſs. And in theſe which are the only true and ſubſtantial Riches, the pooreſt Chriſtian may vie ſtakes with all the World. Drop millions of Gold, boundleſs Revenues, ample Territories, Crowns and Scepters, and a poor contemptible Chriſtian lays his one God againſt all theſe, and beggars them. *Fourthly*;

Fourthly; If the World and all the Enjoyments of it be thus vain, * this ſhould fortify us againſt the fear of Death, which can deprive us of nothing but what is both vain and vexatious. 4.

* Μάλιστα σε εὔκολον πρὸς τὸν θάνατον ποιήσει ἡ ἐπίστασις ἡ ἐπὶ τὰ ὑποκείμενα ὧν μέλλεις ἀφίστασθαι.

Anton. *l.* 9. *S.* 3. *Amatis mors abducit, non à bonis, verum ſi quærimus. Hoc quidem à Cyrenaico Hegiſia ſic copioſe diſputatur, ut is à rege Ptolæmeo prohibitus eſſe dicatur illa in ſcholis dicere, quod multi his auditis, mortem ſibi ipſi conſciſcerent.* Cic. Tuſ. quæſt. l. 1.

Life is nothing elſe but an huddle of Buſineſs, a great ſwarm of Employments, that have more ſtings in them, than Hony. If we be great, we are but the larger Hives for Cares. If honourable, we are but raiſed above others to be the more weather-beaten. An high

high degree in this World, doth but ſhelter other Mens Cares under our Wings, and adopt other Mens Troubles, as a wretched ſupplement to our own. If our Eſtate be mean and low; as it expoſeth us to Contempt and Injuries, ſo it engageth us to reſcue our ſelves from the preſſures of Poverty by our own ſweat and induſtry. Thoſe few things that are neceſſary to a comfortable ſubſiſtence in the World, will yet coſt us care and labour, an aking Heart, and a weary Hand; and this turns our Bread into Stones, and our Fiſh into Scorpions. If we have too much Buſineſs in the World, our Callings become a Burden or Temptation

tion to us: And if we have none, we become a Burden to our ſelves and to others. God hath written Vanity and Vexation upon every Condition, and if his Providence create not Troubles for us, yet our own Folly will. Thus hath Man made himſelf a Slave and Drudg to the World, over which God hath made him Lord.

Why then ſhould Death be ſo terrible, which comes only to eaſe us of our burden, to ſtroak the ſweat from our Brows, and to give us a profound reſt from all our Labours in the Bed of the Grave? *There* (as *Job* ſaith) *the weary be at reſt*; and all Cares and Troubles vaniſh, as ſoon as Job 3. 17.

our

our Heads touch that Pillow. *There is no Work nor Device in the Grave whither we are going*; but a deep Repoſe, a ſecure Retirement, where none of the Vexations of this Life ſhall ever find us.

And as it frees us from all the Cares, ſo from all the Sorrows of this World. VVhat is our Life but a Bubble? Our Sighs are the Air, and our Tears the Water that make it. The firſt poſſeſſion that we take of this World, is by crying: And there is nothing in it that we hold by a ſurer tenure than our Griefs. Tears are the Inheritance of our Eyes, either our Sins call for them or our Sufferings, and nothing can dry them up but the

the Duſt of the Grave. Sometimes we loſe a Friend, or near Relation; the Tribute we owe their Memory muſt be paid down in Tears. Sometimes their ungodly Practices torment us, when by their Lewdneſs and Debaucheries they are loſt both to their own Intereſts, and our Hopes. Sometimes compaſſion of other Mens Sufferings, affects us with a tender Sorrow; and as if we had not grief enough ſpringing up out of our own Bowels, we call in forreign Succours to augment the Score. And many times tedious and lingring Sickneſſes waſte us, grinding Pains rack and torture us, which were far the more intolerable, but that they haſten

haſten on that Death, that puts an end and period to all a Chriſtian's Miſeries. We are not concerned in the Grave, at the loſs of ſome Friends, nor the evil Courſes of others: What Calamities befal the World, or thoſe whom we loved deareſt in it. There it troubles us not, though Preferment go by the merit of Flattery and Baſeneſs, while the generous and gallant Soul, ſtarves through the mere rigor of his Vertue. It concerns us nothing what ſtinking Breath blaſts our good Name; or what unworthy Foot treads upon our Grave. Here a little pain moleſts us; but there whole Limbs rot, and fall off, and crumble into Duſt, with-

out

out at all disturbing that quiet rest, that buries all the Cares and Sorrows of this Life in silence and oblivion. Where then is the dreadfulness of Death, which only frees us from the Troubles and Crosses of a wretched Life? It is unreasonable to complain of that Change, which delivers us from a World, of which we are still complaining: And it is childish to quarrel at that Hand which undresses us, and strips off our uneasy Garments, only to lay us to sleep.

Lastly; If the World be so vain and empty, we may learn to be well contented with our present State and Condition, what- 5.

whatsoever it be. It hath been fully demonstrated, that there can be no compleat Satisfaction in any Estate: And why then should we desire change? The great ground of Discontent, is not our Wants, but our Desires. * There is scarce any condition in the World so low, but may satisfy our Wants: And there is no Condition so high, as can satisfy our Desires. If we live according to the Law of Nature and Reason, we shall never be poor; but if we live according to fond Opinion and Phancy, we shall never be rich. That which we have, be it never so little, is full as satisfactory as that which we hope for, be it never so

† οὐδ' εἰς ὃ ὅτι πένης εἰς τὰ ἀναγκαῖα Clem. Alex. Pæd. l. 2. c. 2. *Quod satiare potest dives natura ministrat. Quod docet infrænis gloria finc caret.* Petr.

ſo little, is full as ſatisfactory as that which we hope for, be it never ſo great. For *Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit*, is paſt upon all that is in the World, whether it be more or leſs.

And therefore, O Chriſtian, thou mayeſt well bear a narrow ſtint in the things of this World. If God reduce thee to a morſel of Bread, and a cup of Water, it is enough: This will ſuffice to bear thy Charges to Heaven; or if this too ſhould fail, thy Journey will only be the ſhorter. Poſſibly God keeps thee ſhort in Vanities, that he might beſtow upon thee that which is a ſolid and ſubſtantial Good. The *Pſalmiſt* tells us, *Pſalm.* 68. 9. that God *daily loads us with his*

Benefits. Though ſome may have more than others, yet every one hath his Load, as much as he can carry. Every Veſſel cannot bear up with a like Sail; and therefore God, to keep us from overſetting, puts on ſo much as will ſafeſt bring us to Heaven, our deſired Port.

Let us therefore *caſt theſe Cares and Burdens upon him who hath* * *promiſed to ſuſtain us*, and turn the ſtream of our Deſires Heavenward, where alone we can find permanent and ſatisfactory Good. † Walk humbly with God, keep your ſelves alway in an awful fear of his dread Majeſty; be con-

* Pſ. 55. 22.

† Ὅλον κενὸν· τί οὖν ἐστι περὶ ὃ δεῖ σπουδὴν εἰσφέρεσθαι; Ἓν τοῦτο διάνοια δίκαια, καὶ πράξεις κοινωνικαὶ, καὶ λόγος οἷος μήποτε διαψεύσασθαι, καὶ διάθεσις ἀσπαζομένη πᾶν τὸ

constant in the exercise of Grace, and the performance of Duty: These are the only things exempted from Vanity and Vexation; in these alone can the Soul find true Rest and Contentment. And therefore *Solomon*, after he had pierc'd and search'd through all the World, and pronounced Riches, Strength, Beauty, Wisdom, Learning, and all to be *Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit*; he rests himself in the Close, and tells us, *Chapter* 12. 13. *Let us hear the Conclusion of the whole Matter: Fear God, and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole*

πᾶν τὸ συμβαίνον ὡς ἀναίκαιον, ὡς γνώριμον, ὡς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς τοιαύτης καὶ πηγῆς ῥεόν. Ἐκὼν σεαυτὸν τῇ κλωθοῖ συνεπιδίδα, παρέχων συννῆσαι οἷς ποτε πράγμασι βούλεται. Antonin. *l.* 4. *S.* 22.

of Man: It is his whole Duty, and his only Happiness in this Life.

FINIS.

A

SERMON

Preached at the

FUNERALS

Of the Honourable

ALGERNON GREVIL, Esq;

Second Brother to the Right Honourable

ROBERT Lord BROOK, &c.

Who departed this Life, *July* 21. at *Magdalen* Colledge *Oxon.* and was buried at *Warwick*, the Sixth of *August*, 1662.

By *Ezekiel Hopkins*, now Lord Bishop of *London-Derry.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniel Ranew*, and *Jonathan Robinson*, at the *Kings Arms*, and *Golden Lyon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1685.

(15). 1048

TO THE

Right Honourable

The Lady

KATHARINE BROOK.

Madam,

THE *Desire of your dying Son brought me into the Pulpit, and now*

your Ladiſhips Commands into the Preſs. I could heartily wiſh that the tender of my Obedience in this Addreſs, might not make one among your too many ſad Remembrancers, nor give you cauſe to lament him as well in the Preſs, as in the Grave,

Grave, as here propounded, a Pattern for our Life, as well as made by God an Example of our Death. But, Madam, when you have wept over this dear Loſs in all the Forms ſo great a Sorrow as yours could repreſent, this ſmall Piece, will, I

fear, prove ſo unhappy, as to give you his Memory in a New Shape, and thereby lay a New Scene for Grief. The Neceſſity and Uſefulneſs of this Subject of Mortality, are, I am confident, ſufficient to recommend it to your acceptance; and if any thing

make

make it unwelcom, it muſt be that which gives You too great a Title to it, the nearneſs of the Inſtance: an Inſtance ſo near, that ſeems like the ſmiting of one half, to bid the other prepare.

The Loſs is confeſſedly

great, vast as our Hopes, and general as our Sorrows. Indeed to look upon moderate Losses through Tears, is as ill a way to make a right Judgment of them, as it is to take the Dimensions of Objects through Water, which always reflects them greater

or

or nearer than in truth they are. But yours Madam, is so truly extraordinary, and of such Publick Concernment, that it must needs fall below it's just Estimate, if it be not judged through more than your own Tears and Grief. The Church and State joyn with

with you, and each of them deplores as a Loss at present, whatsoever so great Vertues and Endowments as His prompted them to expect hereafter. The Right Eye of the Kingdom runs down with Tears: all that knew Him, and had the Honour

nour and Happineſs of ſo great an Example, pay down that Tribute in Sorrow, to his Memory, which they owed of Love and Service to his Perſon.

But, Madam, it is in vain to nouriſh ſad Thoughts, by conjecturing

ring to what height he might have attained, if Years had not been wanting to his Merits; for though his flouriſhing Hopes gave earneſt of ſomewhat moſt Excellent and Perfect, yet hath he now far out-ſtript even thoſe Hopes, and inſtead

of

of a great Man on Earth, is become a glorious Saint in Heaven: And certainly we have no just Cause to quarrel the Divine Providence, for not taking our Method to advance him.

That

That God would preserve your Noble Sons yet remaining, and lengthen out their Lives to fill up their deceased Brothers Hopes, and their own too, that you may find no other Miss but in Number; that

that God would ſanctifie this heavy Stroke both to you and them, and fit you for that Laſt, which alone can come nearer, is the Prayer of

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips

Hackney, Oct. 4. 1662. Moſt humble and

Obedient Servant,

Ezekiel Hopkins.

Dedicatory.

that God would sanctifie this heavy Stroke both to you and them, and set you for that Last, which alone can convenearer, is the Prayer of

Madam,

Your Ladiships

Most humble and

Obedient Servant,

Ezekiel Hopkins.

Hackney Oct. 1652.

A FUNERAL SERMON.

Eccleſiaſtes 9. 5.

For the Living know that they ſhall die.

LIfe, whether an active ſpark ſtruck out from the meeting of Soul and Body together, or whatſoever ſprightful and buſie thing elſe it be, is the higheſt perfection of Corporeal beings, becauſe the

neareſt reſemblance of the Divine,

The Variety of its Motions, the Multiplicity of its Functions, the ſecret conveyance of its influences through thoſe hidden Channells of the Organs, into the ſeveral parts of the Body, give it a pre-eminence above all that the inanimate greatneſs or luſtre of other things can attain unto. Upon this very account Philoſophy teacheth us, that the leaſt fly, though it be nothing but duſt animated by the Sun, is yet of greater excellency then the Sun it ſelf; and *Sampſons* Bees then the Lyon that bred them. Theſe ſlight and contemptible Creatures, which ſerve for little elſe then to

ſhew

ſhew the World in how ſmall a Roome God can encloſe the ſprings and engines of ſuch various Motions, have yet a perfection beyond all the large volumes of the Heavens, and the light and duration of all the Starres in them: Upon theſe principles *Solomon* making a compariſon, in the verſe immediately preceeding the Text, between liveleſſe and living things, prefers the meaneſt of theſe before the beſt and nobleſt of the other: *A living Dog is better than a dead Lyon.*

This though it be true of all Creatures in generall, yet the accommodation of it is here more particularly intended unto man; and the deſign of

the Spirit of God is, to ſhew that Life hath a vaſt Prerogative above Death, One would think it ſtrange, that there ſhould need ſo much ſolemnity, ſuch a traine of preparatives, reaſons, and ſimilitudes, to uſher in a concluſion ſo obvious and undoubted as this is, that it is better to live than to dye. And yet, if we obſerve it, the method of the Holy Ghoſt is much ſtranger in confirming ſo plain a *Theſis* by an abſtruſe argument. The argument we have in the Text: *For the Living know that they ſhall dye*: Becauſe we know that we muſt dye, therefore it is better to live.

This might ſeem ſomewhat an harſh kind of argumentation

tion, were it not, that as to dye is the laſt period, ſo to dye well, and breath out an holy ſoul into the armes of a merciful God, is the greateſt end of Life: This advantage have the living. The dead can dye no more; *For it is appointed unto men once to dye*: nor, if they err in this, can they ever recall or amend it. This is that Warfare, as the Wiſeman calls it, in which we cannot twice miſtake. But it is the priviledge of the living, that knowing the frailty of their lives, and the certainty of their diſſolution, they may by repentance and holineſſe, ſo prepare themſelves for death as to make it onely an happy tranſition

Heb. 9. 27.

Eccleſ. 8. 8.

from a Temporall to an Eternal Life, and an inlet into endleſſe bliſſe and joy. So that if we briefly gather up up the Summe and Force of the reaſon, we may finde that it lies thus: it is better to live than dye becauſe *the living know that they ſhall dye*, and the knowledge and expectation of our death is the moſt likely meanes to engage us to live in ſuch conſtant holineſſe and preparation, as that after death we may live in eternal glory and happineſſe.

The words, though they are thus obſcure in their coherence, yet in themſelves and their own proper and genuine ſence, are very clear and perſpicuous. They contain in them

them the Judgement that the living passe upon their own Mortality; and as they lie before us, cannot be so much as suspected of any difficulty. I shall therefore, waving all other enquiries, make onely these two.

First, Whence it is, that the living attain the sure and infallible knowledge of their own death. I.

Secondly, Whence it proceeds, that though all men generally know that they shall dye, yet so few doe seriously and in good earnest prepare themselves for it. II.

To the first, I answer; there be many things from

whence we may collect the neceſſity of dying. I ſhall pretermit divers, and onely ſpeak to theſe following.

1. We may collect, it by thoſe harbingers and forerunners of death, diſeaſes pains, and natural decayes, which are incident to all men. Man is compounded of the contrary and jarring qualities of heat, and cold, drouth and moiſture; which are alwayes wageing an inteſtine warre within him. Health is the equal ballance of theſe contrarieties; when they are ſo temper'd together, the more active with the more reſiſting, that neither of them can get the Victory over the other. And therefore ſome ſuppoſe that *Adam* (who doubtleſs

leſs was created in the higheſt perfection of natural health and ſtrength) had all theſe mixed *Ad pondus*, in ſo even a temper, that none of them could naturally ſway him to Corruption; and that God then inflicted the death he threathed, when upon the firſt tranſgreſſion he turned the evenneſs of his conſtitution, and thereby brought him into a mortal ſtate. Sickneſs is nothing elſe but a predominant faction in a mans temper, which, as Rebellions uſe to do, raiſeth it ſelf upon the ruine of the whole. As God ſlackens the reins to ſome quality in the greater World, when he intends to bring a general calamity and deſtruction

ction upon it (for thus we read, that he once destroyed the World by a Dropsie, in the great Deluge; and that he will again destroy it by a Feaver, in the last Conflagration) so likewise in man, who is the lesser World, God doth sometimes let loose the reins, and gives some of his natural qualities an unnatural predominancy; and either floods him with Dropsies, or burns him with Feavers, or numnes him with Palsies, Lethargies, and Epilepsies, and by other innumerable Diseases so ravageth his Health and Vigour, his Youth and Beauty, that he becomes a Ghost, before yet he be a Corps.

Yea those who have had no such

ſuch violent Aſſaults as theſe, yet find their decays grow up together with their years. *Solomon* hath given us an elegant deſcription of them, *Eccleſ.* 12. from the ſecond to the ſeventh Verſe. Dimneſs of ſight, deafneſs of hearing, weakneſs and trembling of limbs, ſluggiſhneſs of ſpirits, chilneſs of blood, loſs of appetite and deſire; and a whole Hoſpital of other incurable Diſeaſes are the attendants of Old age, which is it ſelf the moſt incurable of all: that the very length of living may be argument enough of the neceſſity of dying. This is that heavy burden that bows down all on whom it lies, that makes them go ſtooping to the Ground, as if it would

would bid them contemplate what they are, in the dust, and consider their mortality in that earth into which they must shortly fall. All these are as so many Harbengers of Death sent before to bid us prepare, for that the King of Terrors cannot be long after.

II. *Secondly*, The observation of Deaths universal Empire over all other things, and over all other men, may give us a certain knowledge that we also must shortly die. If we consider the vicissitudes of natural things, we shall find that Death reigns in all of them. The Day dies into Night, Summer into Winter; Time it self that destroyes all things, yet

yet dies continually, nor can it exist one minute together. Our very life is nothing else but a succession of dying: every day and hour wears away part of it, and so far as it is already spent, so far are we already dead and buried: so that the longest liver hath no more but that he is longer a dying than others. This indeed is only to die successively, but that fatal and final stroke is coming, when we shall no more live nor die. All others have felt it, and therefore *David* calls Death *the way of all the Earth.* We need no other proof of this than to search into the Records of the Grave; there lie the rich and poor, the noble and ignoble, the wise and

1 Kings 2. 2.

and fooliſh, the holy and prophane, the rubbiſh of a thouſand Generations heaped one upon another; and this truth, that all muſt die, is written indelibly even in their duſt.

The whole World is but a great Charnel-houſe. Our very Graves were once living: we dig through our Forefathers, and muſt ſhortly become earth our ſelves, to bury our Poſterity. So thick ſown are the Carkaſes of all the Ages ſince the Creation, as were enough to dung the whole face of the Earth with their fleſh, and pave it with their bones. Are not we of the ſame Mould with them? Hath not God's hand kneaded us out of the ſame Clay, and

may

may not his finger crumble us into the ſame duſt? Certainly, the cords of our earthly Tabernacle may be as eaſily unlooſed, or cut aſunder, as theirs.

We read but of two only of all mankind exempted, by a peculiar Grace and Priviledge, from this Law of Death, and they were, *Enoch* and *Elias*. God ſtrangely tackt their temporal and eternal life together, and made their time flow into eternity without any ſtop or interruption; like rivers that glide along into the ſea with a free and undiſturbed courſe; whilſt ours muſt firſte ſinke, and finde a paſſage under ground.

Thirdly, We may certainly know III.

know our ſelves mortal, by knowing our ſelves ſinful creatures. There is a double neceſſity of death upon the account of ſin. 1. As a puniſhment. 2. As a purgation of it.

1. It is neceſſary as a puniſhof ſin, that that primitive threatning might be fulfilled, *Gen.* 2. 17. *In the day that thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely dye.* Hereby the Juſtice of God ſtands engaged to inflict death upon every tranſgreſſor: and to this it is that the Apoſtle aſcribes it. *Rom.* 5. 12. *By Sin death entred into the world, and Death paſſed upon all men, becauſe that all have ſinned.* Death therefore is not ſo much a debt due to Nature,

as

as to the avenging Justice of God, and befalls us rather by his ordination and appointment, than by any natural necessity. *It is appointed unto men once to dye. Heb. 9. 27.* And this appeares, in that man was at first created in pure nature, yet in a deathless state. 'Tis true, that *Adam*, even before he fell, had in him the Contemperation of the same contrary qualities as now we have, and so, at least, had also the remote principles of death, and dissolution: But probably either these were so harmoniously mixed, as that there was no tendency to a dissolution; or else he was created with such a priviledge, that by eating

of the Tree of Life, or by the command of his own will, to which all his inferior faculties were then perfectly ſubject, he might ſway and over-rule the jarres and diſcords of an elemental conſtitution, and continue himſelf in Life, as long as he ſhould continue himſelf in obedience.

So then, it is not primarily mans nature, but mans ſin, and the curſe of the Law taking hold upon him, that hath brought in this neceſſity of dying. But yet the Juſtice of God doth not inflict it as a puniſhment upon all; for death under the ſtrict notion of a puniſhment, is proper onely to wicked men and unbelievers, who are left to bear

bear the curse of the Law in their own Persons, and to satisfie offended justice in their own sufferings. As to believers, Christ hath undertaken and eluctated for them all that was penal. *He hath born the whole curse of the Law, beeng made a curse for us Gal.* 3. 13.

So that now, to those who believe it is no more a punishment, but onely a purgation. And were it not, that God hath thus altered the quality of it, making it the greatest means of Sanctification in the world, thereby turning that which was a curse into a blessing, it might probably be maintained that Faith in the

death of Christ would superſede all neceſſity of dying, and make us not only righteous, but immortal. But God hath other ends in the inflicting of death, beſides the ſatisfaction of his Juſtice: He makes uſe of it for the purging of his people from the Reliques of their Corruption; and 'tis the only purgatory they muſt ever undergoe. Sin hath taken a Leaſe of our Soules, and holds them by our own lives: It will be in us to the laſt Gaſp; and as the heart is the laſt that dies, ſo is that corruption that lodgeth in it. But then dye it muſt; God hath ſo graciouſly ordered it, that though death came

came into the world by ſin, yet ſin it ſelf ſhall be aboliſht out of it by death. And as ſea-water, loſeth its brackiſhneſs when percolated through the earth, and becomes ſweet and wholſome. So a Chriſtian, when he is ſtrained through the grave, loſeth all his brackiſhneſs, all his dreggs and ſcumme, and becomes pure and holy, fit for the enjoyment of a pure and holy God. This is his final victory, this is the deciding ſtroke between him and all his Spiritual enemies. When he hath been long ſtrugling (with too little ſucceſs) againſt ſin and Satan, and is ready to faint, and deſpond, in the conflict,

death comes in, ſent as an Auxiliary from God, and gives him both the day, and the triumph. Certainly he cannot but count it a good office done him, to have his earthly houſe pul'd down upſo many of his uncircumciſed foes, though it cruſh him too in the fall.

Thus hath God brought over death, which was before a formidable enemy, to be of a believers party, ſo that though it had it's ſting, and ſtrength, it's very being from ſin, yet it proves the moſt effectual meanes for the deſtruction of ſin. As worms when they creep into their holes leave a ſlimy dirt about them; ſo is it with a Chriſtian

an; when he dies he leaves his ſin, his filth, and corruption, all at the graves mouth. There he leaves them, and his ſoul got free from that clogg, mounts up into a bleſſed eternity, where it is for ever fixt and perfected in holineſs, where there is no object to tempt, nor corruption to betray. No ſteam of any luſt ſhall there riſe to cloud our beatificall viſion of God, ſuch as do here too oft darken the eye both of our Reaſon, and our faith: we ſhall no more caſt kind glances upon our ſins, nor no more know a wavering and hovering deſire after them. Oh bleſſed neceſſity! when the ſoul ſhall be forever tied up to one all-

ſatisfying good! when it ſhall with as natural a proneneſs, and vehement ardour, love, and delight in God, as it loves it ſelf, and delights in its own happineſs! And why then ſhould we deſire to linger here below, and to ſpin out a miſerable life, whereof ſin and ſorrow will ſtill have the greateſt ſhare? Here the beſt of us are engaged in perpetual quarrels between ſin and grace, the one will not yield, and the other cannot; corruption compels one way, and grace commands another; haſt therefore, O Chriſtian, out of this ſcuffle, make haſt to heaven, and there this controverſie ſhall be for ever decided. There we ſhall no more

more live in fear of new ſins, nor in ſorrow for old, but all ſorrow and ſighing ſhall ceaſe; all tears ſhall be wiped from our eyes, and all ſin rooted out of our hearts. And upon this account death is neceſſary.

Now though by theſe, and other ſuch like conſiderations, we may arrive at a certain knowledge that we ſhall die, yet the particular circumſtances of the time, and manner of our death is known to God onely.

Some have, a little before their deceaſe, given ſecret preſages of theſe things, as I am informed this honourable perſon did. Whence theſe proceed will not be neceſſary here to inquire. Poſſibly they

they may be only fortuitous and casual: the event may make those things pass for predictions which were onely spoken at random. Or if they seem too punctal to be such, the best account, that I can give, is this; that death being about to unloose those secret and sweet bands, those vital knots, that tie our souls and bodies together, we begin to grow more unconfined in our knowledge, as well as our being; and receive intelligences of things after another way, then by the dull conveyance of sense. There is now, that dust and ashes in the eye of the soul that hinders it from discovering futurities; but when death

death is blowing this away, it begins to know after its own manner; and receives at leaſt ſome obſcure and glimmering hints of thoſe objects which ſenſe could never adminiſter. And hence poſſibly may proceed thoſe ſtrange prophetick ſpeeches that many have given out concerning their own death. But whence-ſoever they are, God doth ordinarily reſerve the exact knowledge of theſe things to himſelf.

Firſt, He only knows the critical and punctual time of our death, for he hath determined it to a very moment. it is God that turns up our glaſs, that puts ſuch a meaſure of, I.

of ſand into it, and no more, and hath prefixt that it ſhall run ſuch a time and no longer. It is he that hath written our names upon ſo many days and hours as we ſhall live, as upon ſo many leaves of his Book; and it is impoſſible for us to turn over that day or hour that hath not our names written upon it, from all eternity. Now this Book of life, God hath written in an hand that is not legible by us. We know not the tale of days that he hath appointed us, but this we know, that we ſhall fulfil, and cannot exceed them. He hath ſet us our bounds of living, beyond which we cannot paſs. The Infant that dies as ſoon as it

ſeeth

ſeeth the light hath fill'd up its appointed time: as well as he that lives to decrepit age. And therefore though God be ſaid in Scripture to cut off ſome men in the midſt of their dayes; this muſt not be ſo underſtood, as if there were remaining in all the ſtore of time any dayes that were due to them; but only it denotes, either that God cuts them off in the full ſtrength, and vigour of their years, when they might, according to humane probability, have lived much longer, or elſe comparing the ſhortneſs of their life, with the length of others; God ſeems to break it off in the middle before he had finiſht it. Indeed moſt men do

do themſelves ſhorten their own lives; ſome by intemperance are ſtill ſhaking their glaſs to make it run the faſter; and others break it at once by violence; yet all live as long as God had decreed, though not ſo long as was their duty. I ſhall not farther diſpute whether the term of life be fixt or moveable. *Job*, methinks, hath clearly ſtated and determined the Queſtion, *Job.* 7. 1. *Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his dayes alſo like the dayes of an hireling?* An hireling hath his dayes of prefixt ſervice, and when they are expired, he is diſcharg'd from his labour, ſo *Job* 14. 5. *His dayes are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou*

thou haſt appointed his bounds, that he cannot paſs. It is true however, though God hath thus numbred out our days, yet there are means proper to prolong our lives beyond the term that God hath fixt in his decree, and ſuch as would prove availeable if applied: whoever dies might have lived longer, had the right means been uſed. As *Martha* ſaid to *Chriſt*; *Lord if thou hadſt been here my brother had not died*: So we may ſay, if ſuch means and remedies had been applied, death might have been prevented. But withal we muſt obſerve, that that God who hath prefixed to every one his term of life, hath likewiſe ordained in his own

Luke 11.21.

counſel

counſel and purpoſe, that thoſe means which are proper to prolong it beyond that term, ſhall through ſome unavoidable miſtake or miſhap, either not be known, or not uſed. This may be a ſupport unto us againſt fears of our own, and grief for the death of others, all our times are in Gods hands; he meaſures out every day to us; and as he hath appointed the bounds, over which we ſhall not paſs; ſo he hath appointed that we ſhall certainly reach them. His providence diſpoſeth of the meaneſt and ſmalleſt concernments of mans life, and therefore much more of life it ſelf: and if an hair of our heads cannot, much leſs then ſhall

ſhall we our ſelves fall to the ground without our Heavenly Father.

Secondly, As we know not the time, ſo neither the particular manner of our death, whether it ſhall be ſuddain, or foreſeen; by Diſeaſe, or Caſualty: whether the thred of life ſhall be ſnapt in pieces by ſome unexpected accident, or worn and fretted away by ſome lingering Conſumption, or burnt aſunder by ſome fiery Feaver. In what manner and ſhape our death will appear to us we know not; this is a ſecret of God's own breaſt. But whatever the ſhape be, if we endeavour by an holy life to prepare our ſelves for it, it II.

ſhall not be frightful nor terrible to us.

But truely, the generality of the World are ſo little careful to prepare for their death, as if they were priviledged perſons, and had a protection given them from that arreſt. Though they ſee thouſands fall before them, though death mows down their friends and relations round about them, yet they live ſo ſecure and confident, as if they were not at all concerned in thoſe examples, as if Gods hand cut off others onely to make the more room for them in the world. Who is there ſo fool-hardy, that ſtanding near the mark of an Archer, and ſeeing one arrow fly over

his

his head, another light at his feet; one glance by his right, another by his left hand, that will not at length bethink himſelf of his danger, that by the very next he alſo may be ſhot and ſlain. Man is this mark at which Death is continually ſhooting, ſometimes the arrow flies over our heads, and ſlayes ſome great perſon, our Superiour; ſometimes it lights at our feet, when it kills a Child or Servant, or thoſe who are our inferiours: Sometimes it paſſeth by our left hand, and kills an Enemy, at whoſe death poſſibly we rejoyce; and anon it ſtrikes the friend of our right hand: Though we ſee all this; though we ſee our friends and

foes, those of all states and ages drop down dead round about us, yet are we still as frolick and careless, as if this nothing at all concerned us, whereas possibly the very next arrow may strike us through the heart dead upon the place. 'Tis a strange and brutish Sottishness, that so many spectacles of Mortality cannot move.

Strada Bel. Belg. lib. 1. We read of that Victorius Emperour *Charles* the 5th. that to engrave the deeper apprehensions of his death, he caused his own funerals to be solemnized, while he was yet living. He laid himself down in his Tomb, and had that rare fate of great Persons, to be lamented with true tears;

tears; at leaſt his own. *Hoc videlicet rudimento* (as the Hiſtorian ſpeaks) Carolus *vicinæ jam morti proludebat.* If it were any help to prepare him to dy, at laſt, really, by dying thus firſt in Emblem, we may almoſt daily have the ſame. 'Twill be no great miſtake to account every Funeral we attend on, to be our own. Let us imagine our ſelves nailed up in the Coffin, laid in the Grave, covered over with Earth, and putrifying to worms and dirt: this is only but a few days to anticipate what ſhall be. Not a Grave opens its mouth, but it plainly ſpeaks thus much, that we are mortal and periſhing; not a rotten bone, nor dead

ſcull is ſcattered about it, but tells us we muſt ſhortly take up our abode with them in the ſame darkneſs, and corruption. And if upon every ſuch ſad occaſion we make not particular application of it to our ſelves, we not only loſe our friends lives but their very deaths too, yet herein are we generally faulty: When God ſnatcheth them from us, we uſually reflect more upon the loſs, than the example; and thereby as he deprives us of the comfort we had in their lives, ſo we deprive our ſelves of the inſtruction and benefit we might have by their deaths. There are indeed few (unleſs it be thoſe who have quite deveſted themſelves of humanity)

ty) but will ſometimes conſider their frail and mortal ſtate; at leaſt, when they ſee a pattern of it before their eyes. When they ſee departing pangs, diſtorted eyes, quivering limbs, the wan and ghaſtly corps, the image of death in all its lively terrours; if they have any remainders of natural ſoftneſs left, it muſt needs ſtrike them with penſiveneſs, to think that one day this muſt be their own caſe; ſhortly all this muſt be acted over upon themſelves. But no ſooner is the dead interred, and the grave fill'd, than all theſe ſage and ſerious thoughts vaniſh, and they return again to the ſame glut of luſts and pleaſures as before.

2 Let us therefore conſider (which was the ſecond General propounded) whence it proceeds that men are ſo ſtupidly irrational, that though they all know they ſhall die, yet ſo few ſeriouſly prepare themſelves for it. Perhaps, upon enquiry, we ſhall find the cauſes of it to lie in theſe following particulars.

I. *Firſt*, men are generally ſo immerſt in the buſineſſes, and pleaſures of life, that theſe ſwallow up all ſerious thoughts of death, and preparations for it. They are employed about other things: like an heap of *Ants* that are buſily toyling to get in their proviſion, without regarding the

the foot that's ready to cruſh them. Such are the impertinent and vain cares of men: one contrives how he may melt away his days in luxury and pleaſure; how he may by variety and choice of invented delights imp the wings of time, and make the ſlow days and hours roll away faſter over him. 'Tis not likely theſe ſhould entertain any ſober thoughts of dying, who thus like Prodigals laviſh out their time, as if they could never ſee the bottom of it, and their ſtock could never be exhauſted. The unconcerning vanities of viſits and complements divide their days; and the only uſe they make of their time is to ſtudy how they

they may pass it: till their end comes upon them unthought of, and sour death cuts them off in the midst of all their foolish pleasures.

Some are busily climbing up the steep ascent of Honour and Dignity, and are so wholly engaged in getting promotions and new titles, that they forget their old style of mortal Creatures. They spend their lives in pursuing a puff of wind, an aiery fantastick thing, depending meerly upon the fond and irrational opinion of the giddy multitude. As counters, which as they are placed, stand for scores, or hundreds, or thousands: but are all of the same value when hudled together

together: so truly, the Honours which the ambitious and gallant Spirits of the World do so passionately court, are as fictitious as these, depending meerly upon common esteem; when Death comes to shuffle and huddle the Noble and Ignoble together in the Grave, what becomes of all the distance, and difference that was between them? Will the dust and ashes of the one make obeysance then, or pay respect to the dust and ashes of the other?

Others are plotting, with the Fool, how they may grow rich, and lay up Goods for many Years, when yet they know not whether God will

will not take away their Souls this very Night; and then what remains to them of all that which they have ſcraped together? Such men, methinks, may be well compared to Sumpter-Horſes: they are laden with a rich Treaſure, and attended with a numerous Train of Servants; but at Night when their Load is taken off, what remains to them of all their Carriage, but only the ſtripes and wearineſs of the day? Vain men! are theſe, the great importing things you ſet your hearts upon? Muſt the World drink up all your thoughts, and Death that will ſhortly ſnatch you from all the Enjoyments of it be forgotten? Yet ſo

brutiſh

brutiſh are we become, that though whatſoever we hold here be by the death of the former Owners, yet we are apt to look upon our ſelves as perpetual poſſeſſors, and never think that we muſt part with it to others, as others have done to us. The Riches and Honours, which are but the duſt and ſmoke of this World, have ſo blinded our eyes, that we cannot diſcern the near approaches of Death: And thus while we, *Archimedes* like, are buſily drawing Projects and Deſigns in the duſt, and are wholly intent about vainer Speculations than his, we mind not the Alarm, nor perceive the Enemy is upon us, till we are ſtricken dead through the Reins.

Se-

II. *Secondly*, Men delay ſerious Preparations for Death, becauſe they generally look upon it as afar off. Thoſe who are young think they muſt of courſe live till they be aged; and the aged think that their decays are not ſo great and ſuddain, but that they might well weather out yet a few years more. The healthy think they need not prepare till they be ſummoned; and thoſe whom God doth ſummon by diſeaſes and weakneſſes, think that yet 'tis poſſible they may eſcape them. And thus, though it may be God hath told us out but a few dayes or hours, yet we reckon very bountifully of

Years.

Years and Ages, as if our times were not in his hands, but our own. Men would need no longer Eternity, if God ſhould defer his ſtroke till they thought themſelves old enough to dye. While their Youth and Spirits revel it, and their blood runs dancing through their veins, the thoughts of death are not come in ſeaſon with them: 'Tis as great a *Soleciſm* to think of their Graves, as of going to bed at Noon day. Theſe cold and phlegmatick conſiderations are more fit for their declining years, and the Winter of their lives, and they reſolve they will then think of dying when they are choakt up with Coughs, and Catarrhs,

tarrhes, and can ſcarce ſee a Death's-head, but through a pair of Spectacles: But what becomes of theſe Reſolutions? When Age hath ſnowed upon them, and froſt-bitten all their former pleaſures, yet even then they find the dalliances that paſs between their Souls and Bodies, ſo ſweet, that they are very loath they ſhould be broken off; and this prompts them to think (as we are apt to believe what we deſire) that as yet they ſhall not. They hope, they have ſometime more to live, and ſo drive their death from year to year before them; and never think of dying, as long as they have life enough left to think of any thing.

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This is the verieſt dotage imaginable: for if it be true what the Naturaliſts affirm, that no grown Perſon carrieth to the Grave with him the ſame fleſh that he brought into the World, that the revolution of a few years gradually wears away the former Body, and brings a new own in it's ſtead; it is ſtrangely groſs, that they ſhould think of living much longer, who have already out-lived ſeveral Generations of themſelves; or that they ſhould not at length prepare for death, who have already buried themſelves, it may be eight or nine times over. Diſeaſes and natural decays have for many years laid

cloſe ſiege to them, routing their Guards, battering the Walls of their Fleſh, and forcing the Soul to quit the Outworks, and retire into the heart; yet the mad deſire of living makes them hope they ſhall hold out theſe ruins of life yet a while longer; though they ſee many hundred others better manned and fortified than themſelves, taken in upon the firſt Aſſault.

We are ſcarce ſo wretchedly miſtaken about any thing, as about Old age. For firſt, We reckon it a vaſt while thither. What a ſhew do threeſcore or fourſcore years make at a diſtance? How numerous

rous do the days and hours appear? But thoſe who have attained to them find they all glide away inſenſibly from them, and hardly know they have lived ſo long, but that they have bought ſo many Almanacks. Certainly long life is like an Evening miſt, and ſeems far greater to us at a diſtance then when we are in it. 'Tis ſtrange how the different ſituating our ſelves will mightily alter the proſpect of our years: while we look forward upon them from Youth, they all are repreſented to us long and happy; but when we look back upon them from Age, they then appear to have been ſhort and

troubleſome. A day to come, ſhews far longer to us than a Year that is gone. 'Tis high time for us to mend our Accounts, & to eſtimate the years that are to come, by thoſe that are already paſt. Thoſe thirty or forty years, which were judged by thee in thy Childhood an unattainable Age, how ſhort do they ſeem now when thou haſt outlived them! What remains of them all, but that thou art grown bigger than thou wert, and haſt the remembrance of ſome inconſiderable Actions that were done in that time? Why then ſhould we think thirty or forty years yet to come ſuch an huge Gulph as can never

never be waded through! Remembrance can with one glance review what's paſt, and why ſhould Hope and Expectation look upon what's to come as boundleſs and infinite? Are all our Winter dayes ſpent, and none but our Summer in reſerve? Are none remaining for us but the faireſt and the longeſt? Surely both Hemiſpheres of our Lives have equal Horizons; and we ſhall find, that our paſt and future years have but juſt the ſame meaſure.

Secondly, Moſt men preſume they ſhall live to extreme Age. A vain Confi- II.

fidence! As if God would turn the World into an Hoſpital, and fill it with the old and decrepit. We have a Proverb, that Young men may, but Old men muſt dye; whereas Obſervation will inform us, that incomparably fewer dye Old than Young: And thoſe too are ſo worn out with crazy and languiſhing Diſtempers, ſo tired with following the Funerals of their Families, that they deteſt the Age they formerly deſired, and execrate their grey Hairs, made ſuch as well by Griefs, as Years. This World is God's Nurſery for Eternity, and he will not cumber it with too many old Trunks.

Trunks. Death lies every where in ambuſh for us: The *Jews* reckon up nine hundred and three Diſeaſes, but the Caſualties we are ſubject unto are certainly innumerable. A Tile may brain us, a Peſtilential Vapour out of the Earth ſtiffle us, our Houſes may bury us under their Ruins, our very Meat and Drink may choak us, and the Means to preſerve Life may become the Inſtruments of our Death. We read of ſome that a Fly, or a Grape-ſtone have diſpatched, that have died by plucking of an hair from their Breaſts, God turning a very Hair into a Spear to deſtroy them. Our Souls may leak out at

ſome ſmall Crack in thoſe hidden Pipes of Life, the Veins. 'Tis a ſtrange Folly, that we who are ſubject to ſuch various Diſeaſes and Accidents, ſhould yet dream of dying of no other but Old age. Did we but ſeriouſly conſider by what ſmall Pins this frame of man is held together, it would appear no leſs than a Miracle to us, that we live one day or hour to an end.

III. *Thirdly*, Men think a few of their lateſt dayes and thoughts are enough to prepare them for death: They account it extream Folly to loſe

loſe the Delights of Life, by ſtill jarring upon this ingrateful Remembrance, that they muſt ſhortly dye, and therefore delay it till thoſe unwelcome Monitors, Age, and Grey hairs, call loudly upon them, till they can read deep Emblems of their Graves in their hollow Eyes, and furrowed Brows. And if ſomething muſt be done for their Souls, it ſhall be only a ſmall courteſie at parting. Thus they devote the Flower and Spirit of their Years to Sin and Pleaſure, and think, when their time runs low, to put off God with the dregs of it, and content him with the Devils refuſe. Alas! the only thing worth

worth living for is to dye well. 'Tis not to eat, or drink, or ſleep, or ſport, or talk; 'tis not to grow Rich, or Honourable; but to learn how we may by a ſevere Mortification dye firſt to the World, and then out of it. And is it not (as *Seneca* ſpeaks) a ſhame, that thou ſhouldeſt deſtine to this great Buſineſs of Life, only thoſe Reliques of thy time, which can be employed about nothing elſe? Is it never time to become new men, till you are ceaſing to be; or of reforming your Lives, till you are ending them?

Non pudet te reliquias, vitæ tibi reſervare & id ſolum tempus bonæ menti deſtinare quod in nullam rem conferri poſſit. Sen. de brev. *vitæ.* cap. 4.

Believe it, the vaſt concernments

cernments of your everlasting state require your freshest strength and Spirits. 'Tis not a dying sigh will waft your souls over into a blessed eternity: 'tis not to leave somewhat behind for pious uses; nor at the last gasp to recommend your selves into Gods hands, when you have been all your life long in the Devils. 'Tis not some chimney-prayer nor blanket devotion, nor the name of God brought up in a cough, that Will suffice: heaven were a cheap prize could it be so lazily obtained. No; repentance is quite another thing; 'tis to ransack the soul, to rend the heart, to demolish strong holds, to rout

rout thoſe legions by which we are poſſeſt. In a word, 'tis to take Heaven by an holy Force and Violence. And what ſtupendious folly is it to defer this great work, (a work that will ſtrain every Nerve of your Souls to perform it well) 'till the ſluggiſhneſs and infirmities of old age oppreſs you? Think you, your ſouls can then vigorouſly beſtirr themſelves when they are grown ſtiff with age, when your faculties are benumb'd, and your ſpirits congeal'd paſt the thaw of a fire? Are they then fit for action when they lie wrapt about with tough and clammy flegm

flegm and buried under ſloth and ſleep? Be perſwaded therefore inſtantly to break off all delays, and from this very moment to provide in good earneſt for your ſouls; leſt as the blandiſhments of the fleſh and the world make you now think it is too ſoon, ſo the ſudden ſurprize of death, and the dreadful ſight of a boundleſs eternity ruſhing in upon you, make you hereafter cry out, It is too late, too late.

Thirdly, Men generally put off ſerious thoughts of dying, becauſe of the terrors and inſupportable dread that ſuch III.

ſuch apprehenſions bring with them. And therefore death
Job 18. 14. is called by *Job*, *the King of terrours*; a King that comes attended with a thouſand fantoſmes and frightful apparitions. Who can without a ſhivering horror think of the ſeparation of thoſe dear companions, the Soul and Body, of the debaſement and diſhonours of the grave; that we muſt lie in a bed of ſtench and rottenneſs, under a coverlet of crawling worms, there moldering away to duſt in oblivion? Shortly we ſhall be no more our ſelves; we muſt change this ſubſtantial life, a life that is really felt, and hath real comforts in it,

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we muſt change it, to live onely in the inſcription of a tomb-ſtone, or the memory of a friend. Our eyes muſt no more behold this dear and pleaſant light; we muſt no more relliſh the delights of this world; all our fair-layed projects will be diſappointed, and we in a moment ſnatch away from whatever we enjoyed or deſigned. Now theſe are too gloomy meditations for the jovial and frolick world: Such melancholy thoughts of dying prove little leſs then executioners themſelves, and leave death but half it's work. Humane nature abhorres them: we find that Chriſt himſelf in whom

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it was moſt pure and ſpotleſs, not gaſter'd by any of thoſe weak Fears or Phanſies that pervert our Reaſon; yet even he, as man, recoiles at that death, which, as God, he was aſſured to conquer.

Luke 21. 42.

The fulleſt aſſurance of Heaven is ſcarce ſufficient to diſarm the terrors of death, or reconcile us to it. Saint *Paul*, to whom God gave the unexampled ſight of Heaven, and diſcovered the ineffable Glories, Light, and Luſtre of that bleſſed Place, is yet troubled to think that the eternal poſſeſſion of theſe can be no otherwiſe obtained than

than by dying. Loath he was to descend into Heaven through the Grave; and having been once caught up into Paradice, can scarce think of going thither any other way. *We that are in this Tabernacle* (saith he) *do groan being burdened, not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of Life.* Though his fleshly clothing, like theirs that travel in foul weather, become burthensome with mire and wet, with sin and tears; though he groan under the weighty pressure, and would be glad to be eas'd and cleansed at any rate; yet nature it self startles when it sees the

2 Cor. 12. 4.

2 Cor. 5. 4.

rude hand of death ſtretcht out ready to undreſs him, and rather than this garment ſhould be taken off, would have it dipt in Light and Glory upon him.

Thus dreadful is Death to us, as men; but much more as ſinners. 'Tis the Guilt that deſerves it, and the Hell that follows it, that gives death its moſt hideous ſhape. We are not ſo much affrighted at the grim and meagre looks of this Officer that is to arreſt us, as at the ireful countenance of the Judge, that is to paſs Sentence upon us; 'Tis not the unfelt rotting in the Grave, or thoſe worms

worms that must shortly feed upon their carkasses, but the burning in Hell, and the restless stingings of that tormenting worm, that breeds in a putrid conscience: From these death receives it's power and anguish. And therefore the Apostle tells us that *the sting of Death is Sin.* And indeed, well may it be the sting of the first Death, since it carries in it the venome and poyson of the second. No wonder then, if those who are conscious to themselves of guilt, dare not think of standing before the dreadful Tribunal of God. They cannot bear the thoughts of eternal Wrath and Vengeance, to be

1 Cor. 15. 56.

for ever inflicted by the Almighty Power of an incenſed God. No wonder at all, that they thruſt far from them the thoughts of their dying day, becauſe they preſage, that that day, whenſoever it comes, muſt needs be an evil day to them.

I ſhall add no more; but only make ſome Application of what hath been ſpoken.

Uſe 1. If we all certainly know that we muſt dye, this might teach us ſo much Wiſdom as not to ſet our affections eagerly upon any thing in this preſent World, a World which we

we muſt ſhortly leave. Death will within a while pluck us from it, and it will prove a violent rending to us, if our affections be inordinately glewed unto it. Conſider that all things in this preſent World are but fading and periſhing; but your precious Souls are ever living and immortal. Be not unequally yoak'd; do not joyn an ever living Soul to dying Comforts. This were a Tyranny worſe than that of *Mezentius*, who (as the Poet tells us) bound the living to dead Carkaſſes. Virg. Æneid. 8.

It was a perverſe uſe the old Heathens made of the neceſ-

sity of dying, when in their Feasts, their Custom was to bring in a Skeleton to their Guests, thereby exciting them to Mirth and Voluptuousness, while they could relish such Delights, because shortly they must be as much Dust and Bones as what they saw. This is the common Theme of *Horace*, *Anacreon*, and all the *Epicurean* Scye. Like those, 1 *Cor.* 15. 32. *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall dye.*

Potantibus ergò Larvam argenteam attulit servus sic aptam ut articuli ejus vertebræque locatæ in omnem partem flecterentur. Hanc cum supermersam semel iterumque abjecisset, & catenatio mobilis aliquot figuras exprimeret, Trimalcio adjecit, Heu, heu nos miseros quam totus homuncio nil est! Sic erimus cuncti postquam nos auferet orcus. Ergò vivamus dum licet esse bene, Petr.

How much better improvement doth the Apostle make of

of it, 1 *Cor.* 7. 29. *The time is ſhort, it remaineth therefore, that they that have Wives, be as though they had none, and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoyce, as though they rejoyced not; and they that buy, as though they poſſeſſed not; and they that uſe this World, as not abuſing it, for the Faſhion of this World paſſeth away.* What Folly is it to toyl, and wear out our Lives in the purſuit of thoſe vain things from which we may be ſnatched before we can caſt another look at them?

Go Fool, and dote upon thy own, or others Beauty; but know withal, that ſhortly

a Neſt of Worms will breed there, and ſuck corruption and naſtineſs out of that Face, which hath been thy Pride, and the Beholders Sin and Shame.

Go Worldling, rake together thy Wealth, and hoord up thy Treaſures; but know withal, that of all thy Poſſeſſions thou ſhalt ſhortly need no more than will but ſuffice to bury thee. Gold and Silver are too heavy lading to be carried into the other World; nothing of them ſhall go with thee, unleſs it be their ruſt to witneſs againſt thee. If there be any difference, whether thou live rich

or

or poor, honourably or deſpiſed, in pain or in pleaſure; yet certainly there is none when thou comeſt to dye. What is it to a dying man, whether his Chamber be richly furniſhed or not, whether he breath out his Soul in a Palace, or in a Cottage? We ſhall not take pleaſure in ſumming up our Eſtates, and counting how much worth we ſhall dye, and how many hundreds or thouſands we ſhall leave behind us. Theſe things will be then as far from being our Care, as they are now from being our Concernments.

Let the Voluptuous man purſue

purſue his Delights and Paſtimes; but let him know withal that he doth but thruſt away his dayes to make way for Death. That hour is coming, when he will more earneſtly wiſh to gain time, than ever he ſtudied to ſpend it.

Let the Ambitious court Honours and Preferments; but withal let him know, it will be no great Comfort to him in Death, that he falls under a bigger Name and Title than others. What are they when they ſtand upon the higheſt Pinacle of Worldly Dignities, but Bladders ſwelled up with the breath of the

the Popular Rout, Nothings ſet a ſtrut. Cheſs-men that on the Board play the King and Nobles, but in the Bag are of the ſame Materials, and Rank with others?

Though now it be hard to perſwade men of theſe things, yet powerful and eloquent Death will certainly perſwade them, better than all the Sermons or Demonſtrations that ever they heard. At High-noon things caſt but a ſhort and little Shadow; but in the declining Evening theſe Shadows are extended to an huge Length and vaſt Dimenſions. So 'tis with us, in the High-noon of our Age, in the

the heat and vigorous warmth of our Blood, the World ſeems to caſt but little Shadow; all things in it appear to us Bright and Orient; but when our Evening begins to decline, and our Dayes ſhut in, when our Eyes ſhall ſwim in Night and Darkneſs, then the Shadows are extended, and all the bright and glittering Things of the World will appear to us nothing but Gloomineſs and Horrour.

Uſe II *Secondly*, Since we all know that we ſhall dye, let this ſerve to exhort us ſeriouſly to prepare for our death. That our ſouls are immortal and

and must live for ever, is a dictate of Nature it self, if we had not Scripture to confirm it. And those who have ever ventured to deny it, have rather spoken their wishes than belief. They are divine sparks kindled onely by the breath of God; and the same breath that kindled them hath likewise pronounced that they shall never dye, Shortly they must launch forth into eternity, and know by experience the truth of those impressions that God hath stampt upon them concerning their own endless duration.

'Twill not be many years nor

nor days hence, till every one of us be in our eternal ſtate; there ſtands nothing between us and it, but this thin mud-wall of our bodies: a weak fence againſt ſo many diſeaſes and caſualties as may every day and hour aſſault us. What *Anacharſis* ſaid of thoſe who ſail'd, that they were but four inches removed from death, is true of us all. We are but four inches removed from death and eternity. Nay, a wound that digs not half ſo deep may diſpatch us. Our ſouls are in our bodies onely as a little air included in a thin bubble; and when that breaks, oh what or where are we? Gone in an inſtant out

Laertius in vitâ Anacharſ.

of

of all the businesses and pleasures of this present life, into an estate forever unchangeable.

Now what is your care, and what do you chiefly busie your selves about? Death is approaching you arm'd with ten thousand Woes and Plagues; and is it time for you to trifle away your precious moments (moments on which depends your eternity) in sports, or complements, or impertinent employments? Is it time for you to muse what garb you will wear, what visit you will make, whether at this house or the next; what recreation shall pass away

way to morrow, whether the hawk or the hound, when all this while death hath you in full chase?

While you are contriving your profits and pleasures, your recreations and employments, and sharing out your lives among them, a sudden, unseen, and unthought of hand of God snatcheth you from them all, and all these vain thoughts perish with you. Is this providing for eternity? is this improving your short time, and few minutes for heaven? Pity it is that ever a precious and immortal Soul should be intrusted to the care and management of such brutes,

brutes, who by minding nothing but their ſenſual eaſe and delights, their food and fodder, degrade it in this world, and deſtroy it in the next.

Now, to provide for eternity, I know no better rule, than to do nothing but what thou might'ſt be contented to be found doing when Chriſt ſhall come to judge thee: to live ſo, as if every day were thy laſt, and the very next to eternity. It it be not ſo, it is more than you, or I know. Since we have no aſſurance of a day or hour longer, it is but reaſon and wiſedom to look upon every one as the laſt.

Suppose now your chambers darkned, your friends standing round your beds mourning over you, a sad silence filling all the place, nothing heard but your groans, or theirs to answer yours; when your Souls sitting on your lips shall look over into eternity and flutter to be gone; when they shall, like the flame of an expiring lamp, vibrate and catch at the exhausted body, how would you then spend that small scantling of remaining time; Would you be laying up for years; would you be contriving for your vain pleasures, or send for your idle and debaucht companions, to laugh and

and jeſt away that laſt hour, as well as the reſt? No; theſe deſigns, and this mirth are now daſh't; now the neceſſities of the Soul begin to crowd hard upon you; the ſight of a ſevere Judge and dreadful tribunal, the worryings of an accuſing Conſcience, the fearful review of paſt ſins, and expectation of attending Torments, now ſhake out all ſuch, once ſo delightful and contenting thoughts: and now when your Souls are departing out of your bodies, they begin to come into your remembrance

Hearken to the voice of dying men, what ſay they?

Oh, that God would pardon and accept them! Oh that He would ſpare them a little to repent and reform! or elſe, Oh that he would aſſure them of his favour, and receive them to his mercy! This is the language, and theſe are the cares of the ſick-bed, when Death comes nigh to them, and looks them in the face. And why is it not your care now in your health and ſtrength? What aſſurance have you, that you are not now as nigh Death as thoſe who lie thus languiſhing, and complaining of their folly for neglecting their Souls till this laſt hour? God doth not alwaies give warning, but ſome

he

he ſtrikes ſuddenly; and for ought we know, we may be as near our Deaths as thoſe whom their friends and phyſicians have given over.

However, ſhould God ſpare you longer, yet the duration of your life is moſt uncertain; and to delay our preparations for death upon the uncertain continuance of life, is ſuch ſtupendious Madneſs and Folly, that certainly were there not witch-craft and ſorcery uſed upon us by the Divil, a man that hath the free command of his Wits and Reaſon, could never be guilty of.

Night is haſtning, and

ſpreading it's wings over us; the grave expects us, and bids its other corps make room; death is graſping us in its cold arms, and ready to carry us to the dreadful tribunal; and yet how little of our great work is done! We burn away our precious days, and miſerably waſt our light and our life, we exhauſt our ſtrength, and laviſh out our affections upon toys and fond nothings; and that life of ours which the Pſalmiſt calls a tale, for it's ſhortneſs, we make a tale for it's vanity. We ſpend it moſt frivolouſly, till the days of Darkneſs, which are many, come upon us; and then think to prepare for eternity when we

we are fit for nothing elſe, and leaſt of all for that.

Some ſad inſtances there have been of thoſe who having neglected this great work till the end of their life, have then ſpent that little remnant of time they had in crying out for more: It may be ſo with you, if your Conſciences be not awakned ſooner than by the Pain and diſquiet of your ſick-beds: you will then with horror cry out, more time, Lord, more time! but it will not be granted, the term is fixt, the laſt hour hath ſtruck, the laſt ſand is run; and as you and your

works are then found, ſo muſt you into eternity.

Methinks, this is ſuch a conſideration as muſt needs prevail with all the world: Our time is but ſhort and momentary, we are but of yeſterday and poſſibly may not be to morrow; and God hath ſuſpended eternity upon the improvement of this moment; a few hours will determine our everlaſting condition, and according as they are ſpent ſo muſt our doom be, either eternal happineſs, or eternal miſery. And why ſhould our precious ſouls be ſo vile in our eyes as to loſe them for very ſloath and careleſsneſs? why,

why ſhould we hearken to the ſuggeſtions of the fleſh, or the allurements of the World? ſtand off, we are working for Eternity, an Eternity that is but a few days hence, a boundleſs, a bottomleſs, and endleſs ſtate into which we know not how ſoon we may enter. This is a motive that cannot but prove effectual with all that have their right underſtandings about them. But many are ſo ſtrangely beſotted by the Devil, that though they hear theſe truths, truths that they cannot deny, that they cannot doubt of, yet they live at ſuch a rate of ſin and ſecurity, as if their Eternity were to be expected here,

or

or none to be expected hereafter.

Now if we have carefully prepared our selves for death, it will be to us a repose instead of a terror. The Scripture doth frequently compare it to sleep, and it is indeed the most natural resemblance that can be given. While we are asleep we neither see nor hear; all our sences are lockt up, we enjoy none of the delights of life, no comfort in our friends, in our riches or estates; all those things are cancelled out of our memories. And what more than this can Death do to a Believer? And therefore they are said to

Sleep

Sleep in Jesus. 'Tis a sleep that gives them rest from their labours, a sleep that opens their eyes which were before benighted with ignorance and error, a sleep that deprives them of the dim and muddy light of this World, but brings them to the vision of that radiant source and fountain of all lights, in whose Beams Angels do for ever rejoyce, and are for ever cherished. 1 Thes. 4. 14

Why should we then be so terrified at the apprehensions of Death? We may truely say, the bitterness of it is past, it's sting is taken out. We may safely take this Serpent into our bosoms: though it hiss a-

gainst

gainſt us, it cannot wound us. Yea inſtead of wounding us, 'tis reconciled to us, and become one of our party. And therefore when the Apoſtle is drawing up a Chriſtians Inventory, he reckons Death as part of his goods: *Whether Life, or Death, or things preſent, or things to come, all are yours*, 1. Cor. 3. 22. And ſo Philipp. 1. 21. *To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain.* And well may a Chriſtian count Death among his gains, ſince it is the hand of Death that draws the Curtain of the great Tabernacle, and lets us in to ſee God face to face in that Palace of inеſtimable Majeſty, where we ſhall have the ſtrong rays of

of his Glory beat full upon us, and be our ſelves made ſtrong enough to bear them.

Yea, theſe bodies of ours, which are the only part that can ſuffer dammage, ſhall have it abundantly recompenſed at the Reſurrection. *They are ſown in weakneſs, but ſhall be raiſed in power; they are ſown in diſhonour, but raiſed in Glory.* 1 Cor. 15. 43. Theſe frail and dull clods ſhall then become impaſſible as Angels, ſubtile as a ray of light, bright as the ſun, and nimble as the wings of Lightning.

Having thus exhorted you to prepare for Death, I know not

not how farther to inforce it upon you with greater advantage, than by propounding to you the example of this noble Person deceased, whose whole Life was a more serious preparation for Death, than most mens dying thoughts. He well knew the Nobility of his extraction would be no excuse to him from the peremptory Summons of Death; neither did he make it any excuse to him from an industrious and strict preparation for it. This he testifyed by the series of his whole Life, in which there evidently appeared such an aw of God, and a real sense of true Piety and Religion, as clear-

ly

ly evinced he had strong and habituated Meditations of that great levelling day, wherein the highest shall stand upon no higher Ground than the meanest.

He did not think Religion any Stain to his Honour, nor minding Heaven to be the Employment of those only who have nothing on Earth. Indeed Irreligion and Atheism are now reckoned as a piece of good breeding among the great Ones of the World; 'tis now counted as a Sign of a degenerous and low-sunk Spirit, to acknowledge even God himself for their Superiour. Those are cried up as

the

the Wits of the time, who can daringly dispute it against whatsoever is sacred in Christianity; yea against the being of God himself. 'Tis now become an Argument of a Judicious and Gallant Mind, to call into question the most Fundamental Maxims of our Faith, and the Authority too of those Holy Oracles that confirm them. Reason alone is extolled as the best and most sufficient Guide both in Matters of Belief and Practise; and they appeal to that for their Judge, which commonly by their Debauches and Intemperancies, they either so corrupt that it will not discern the Truth, or else so soe

and

and ſtupifie that it cannot. And thus, as the Moon ſhines brighteſt when it is at the greateſt Oppoſition to the Sun, theſe think their Reaſon then ſhines brighteſt, when it ſtands at the greateſt oppoſition to God.

This Noble Perſon, whoſe Reaſon had as fleet a wing, and could ſoar as high a pitch as any of theirs who pretend to nothing above it, yet ſaw it Reaſon to give his Faith the precedency, and always found more acquieſcence in a *Thus ſaith the Lord*, than in the moſt critical Reſearches, and poſitive Concluſions of his Reaſon. So reverend an Eſteem had he for thoſe Sacred Dictates of

Scripture, that though his Wit and Parts ſhone forth to admiration, in whatſoever he pleaſed to employ them about, yet he never preſumed to exerciſe them on that Common Place of abuſing Divine Verities; he was not ambitious to commence a Wit by Blaſphemy, nor did he pretend to Ingenuity by being impious; but whereas too many uſe their Wit in jeſting at them, he ſhewed his Holy Wiſdom in believing and obeying. Other Books he made the Ornament of his Mind, this the Guide of his Life; he knew what others, but did what God ſpake.

He was not made a Chriſtian

an out of Old Heathens; nor owed his Virtues to the Sage Precepts of *Plutarch* or *Epictetus*. These are now become the Pen-men and Evangelists of our Young Gentry: *Seneca* is with them preferred before Saint *Paul*, though his chiefest credit be that he wrote so well that some have mistakingly thought him *Paul*'s Disciple. The Vertue of this Noble Person acknowledged a more Divine Original, being formed in him by the same Spirit that gave him rules to act it. This taught him to outstrip in true Wisdom, Temperance, and Fortitude, not only whatsoever those starch't Moralists did, but whatsoever they wrote; and

whereas they prescribed but the exercise of Vertue, he sublim'd it, and made it grace.

Next to his absolute subjection to God, was his obedience unto his honourable, and now disconsolate Mother, wherein he was to such a degree punctual, that as her Wisdom commanded nothing but what was fit, so his Duty disputed not the fitness of things beyond her Command. His Demeanour towards her was most submissive, towards all obliging, that 'twas but the same thing to know and admire him.

His Converse gave the World,

World a ſingular Pattern of harmleſs and inoffenſive Mirth, of a Gentility not made up of fine Clothes, and hypocritical courtſhip; a ſweetneſs and familiarity that at once gain'd Love, and preſerv'd reſpect; a grandeur and nobility ſafe in it's own Worth, nor needing to maintain it ſelf by a jealous and moroſe diſtance.

Never did vice in youth find a more confirmed goodneſs. So impregnable was he againſt the Temptations that gain an eaſie acceſs to thoſe of his rank and quality, that they could neither inſinuate into him by their allurements, nor force him by their importunities

nities. Nor did he think it enough to ſecure his mind from the infection of Vice, unleſs alſo he ſecured his Fame from the ſuſpicion of it. Some indeed owe their innocence to their dulneſs and ſtupidity, and are only not vicious, becauſe not witty enough to be takingly, and handſomely wicked. His Vertue was of choice, and the ſevereſt exerciſe of it mingled with ſuch charms from his parts and ingenuity, that his very ſeriouſneſs was more alluring, than thoſe light divetiſements in others which intice only becauſe they pleaſe. His Apprehenſion was quick and piercing, his memory faithful and retentive, his phanſie

ſprightful

ſprightful and active; and his judgement over-ruling them all, neither prejudicated by vulgar opinions, nor eaſily couſened by varniſht and plauſible error.

After all this, there can be nothing wanting to make up a moſt compleat and abſolute Perſon, but only induſtry to quicken his parts, and time to ripen both to perfection. His Induſtry was remarkable in the Aſſiduouſneſs of his Studies, where he ſpent not his Hours in Plays or Romances, thoſe Follies of good Wits; but in the Diſquiſition of ſolid and maſculine knowledge: in which he outſtript even thoſe, who were to depend

pend upon Learning for their livelihood, and had no other revenue than what arose out of their fruitful and well cultivated brains. And as for that other, I mean time, to maturate these growing hopes, that sad Providence which hath called us together to this mournful solemnity, hath denied it, by a sudden and surprizing stroke cutting off his days, and thereby rendring that Vertue, those parts, that Industry, useless to us in any thing but the Example, and I should say unprofitable to him too, but only, that which he never had opportunity to imploy in this World, hath I doubt not, fitted him for a better.

FINIS

A

SERMON

Preached at

Christ's-Church

IN

DUBLIN,

Jan. 31. 1669.

By EZEKIEL HOPKINS,
Now Lord Bishop of *London-Derry.*

Published by Order.

LONDON:
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1685.

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A SERMON ON 1 PET. II. XIII, XIV.

Submit your ſelves to every Ordinance of Man, for the Lord's ſake, whether it be to the King as Supream, or unto Governors, as unto them who are ſent by him, for the Puniſhment of Evil-doers, and the Praiſe of thoſe that do well.

WERE nothing elſe required to a Day of Humiliation, but the Solemnity of

publick *ſorrow*, and a *ſad* review of former Miſcarriages; If a Faſt did only lay a Tribute upon our Eyes, and Tears were the whole amercement of our Crimes; I my ſelf ſhould have judged the Text now read, much improper to the occaſion; and ſhould rather have choſen ſome of thoſe paſſionate Lamentations, that might have opened a Fountain in every Eye, to flood this place, and turn it into a *Bochim*. But becauſe the beſt Sorrow is Amendment, and *Reformation* the trueſt Repentance, I therefore thought our moſt unfeigned mourning for a *ſlaughtred Monarch*, would be to learn and practiſe our duty to the *living*.

I

I believe there are none of of us here, but do from our very Hearts deteſt and execrate that horrid Villany which we this day bewail; and account thoſe Hands accurſed that were ſo impiouſly imbrewed in the Royal and Sacred Blood of *their Soveraign*, and *God's Anointed*. Let us therefore teſtify our abhorrence of that bloody Crime by our preſent ſubmiſſion: and by our chearful Obedience, if not *expiate the Sin* and Guilt, yet in ſome meaſure *redeem the Credit and Glory* of theſe Nations.

I have therefore pitch'd upon theſe words of the Apoſtle, *Submit your ſelves to every Ordinance of Man, for the Lord's*

ſake, &c. And they are one of thoſe many Rules preſcribed in this latter part of the Chapter, for the right ordering of a Chriſtian Converſation, that it might be blameleſs, and inoffenſive.

For though it were both the Primitive Principle and Practice, in all *lawful things*, to yield ready Obedience to the Will and Command of their Magiſtrates; and in all *unlawful*, chearfully to devote themſelves to Sufferings: yet (as appears by their Apologies) they were clamoured againſt by the Heathens, as Heady, and Seditious, Authors and Leaders of Factions, Diſturbers of the Publick Peace, and peſtilent Enemies to the State.

This

This Accuſation was altogether undeſerved, and indeed incongruous both to their Temper, and the Rules of their Profeſſion. It was a very unlikely thing, that *they* ſhould aim at worldly Greatneſs, whoſe firſt entrance into Chriſtianity was the renouncing of the World: that *they* ſhould imbroil the State in Rebellion againſt their Prince, who never lift up their Hands, but in Prayers to God for him; that *they* ſhould intend to get the Soveraignty and Dominion to themſelves, who never thought of any other Crown, but of Martyrdom, and that which followed upon it, of Glory. They were not ſuch martial and fighting

ſtians, as the Men of our Times. And we may well wonder, if this Generation, who have been ſo hot and fiery about little Circumſtances, and thought the Debate of a Rite, or the Mode of Diſcipline, cauſe enough to warrant Arms, and Blood, and the Ruins of Kingdoms; If they had lived in thoſe Primitive and Apoſtolical Days, how they would have comported themſelves under the Tyranny and Cruelty of their Heathen Emperors. Certainly, if only a Conceit and Fancy of Superſtition, could now levy Armies, and draw out the Sword againſt thoſe, who were acknowledgedly of the ſame Doctrine and

and Faith with themſelves, who held the ſame *Profeſſion*, the ſame *Baptiſm*, the ſame *Head*, the ſame *God*, the *Father of all*, and agreed in all the Subſtantials of one and the *ſame Religion*; we may well think they would have flown out into all the Extremities of Blood and Violence, when no other choice lay before them, but either *Death*, or *Idolatry*. Thoſe who could now think it *lawful* to depoſe and murder a *Chriſtian King*, would, no doubt, have thought it *meritorious* to aſſaſſinate a *Pagan Perſecutor*. The Church had been then *Militant* in another ſenſe than it was: and Chriſt might have had *many Hectors*, but *few Martyrs*.

No,

No, the mild and calm Spirit of the Goſpel taught them otherwiſe. Flying or dying were their only Refuges, and Prayers, and Tears, their only Weapons. To read the Hiſtories of thoſe firſt Days of the Church, is but to wade ſo far in Blood. Such multitudes periſh'd, of each Sex, of all Ages, by wild Beaſts, by Fire, by the Croſs, by the Sword, by all the witty * Cruelties that rage could invent, or power execute, that it is a wonder there were Perſecutors enough to deſtroy them, and a far greater wonder that there were any left to ſucceed in the Profeſſion of the

* *Quid ſentis de carne cum ſuppliciis erogatur, eniſa reddere Chriſto vicem moriendi pro ipſo, & quidem per eandem crucem ſæpe, nedum per atrociora quoque ingenia pœnarum?* Tertul. *de Reſurrect.*

the ſame Faith. But it was here true, what one of them ſaid, *Sanguis Martyrum eſt ſemen Eccleſiæ; The Blood of Martyrs is the Seed of the Church:* * whence ſprung up ſuch a numerous Company of Confeſſors, as by their invincible Patience, not by Oppoſition, and Reſiſtance, wearied out their Tormenters, who had not ſtrength enough to *inflict*, what the Chriſtians had ſtrength enough to *ſuffer*. Yea, ſo thick was this *Seed* ſown, that † St. *Jerome* aſſigns no leſs than the Blood of *five thouſand* Martyrs to every Day in the Year; only excepting the firſt of *January* from ſo deep a *Rubrick*. And that which I cannot but account the hardeſt and

* *Ligabantur, includebantur, cædebantur, torquebantur, urebantur, laniabantur, trucidabantur, & multiplicabantur.* Aug. de Civit. Dei, *l.* 22. *c.* 6.

† Hieron. *Epiſtol. ad Chromatium & Heliodorum.*

and ſoreſt tryal of their Patience, was, that whenſoever it pleaſed Almighty God to ſend any notable Plague upon the World, as Sickneſs, or Drowth, or Famine; whenſoever the Sea, or Rivers broke out, or a worſe Deluge of Barbarous and Savage Nations broke in upon the Roman Confines, ſtreight the Outcry of the Rabble was, *Chriſtianos ad Leones*, *Away with the Chriſtians to the Lions*, as *Tertullian* witneſſeth in his *Apologetick*: ſtreight the Anger of the Gods muſt be appeaſed with the Blood of Chriſtians, who for refuſing to *Sacrifice*, muſt themſelves be made Victims.

Now,

Now, though it be a great provocation to *become* Turbulent and Seditious, when Men are *cauſleſly* ſuſpected, and puniſh'd as ſuch already: Yet, ſaith our Apoſtle; though you are ſo dealt with, ſpoken againſt, and perſecuted as evil-doers, herein ſhew your ſelves to be Chriſtians, that aim at greater Matters than what your Emperors are jealous you will attempt to take from them; and be not only *victorious in your Conſtancy* under *Sufferings*, but *loyal* alſo *in your Obedience*, under *Suſpicions*, and *falſe Accuſations*. *Though they ſpeak againſt you as Evil-doers*, as it is *v.* 12. *Yet ſubmit your ſelves to every Ordinance of Man, for the Lord's ſake.*

The

The words contain in them;

1. First, An *Authoritative Command* of Obedience. *Submit your ſelves.*

2. Secondly, The *Object* to which this Obedience muſt be yielded. *Every Ordinance of Man.*

3. Thirdly, The *Diviſion* of this Ordinance of Man into *Supream and Subordinate. Submit to the King as Supream, and to Governors ſent by him, as ſubordinate.*

4. Fourthly, We have the *Duty* of all Governors, and the *End* of all Government expreſt; and that is, *The Puniſhment of Evil-doers, and the Praiſe of them that do well.*

Fifthly,

Fifthly, We have the *Motive* that inforceth this Exhortation and Command. *Submit to them for the Lord's sake.* 5.

There are but two Terms in the Text that require Explication. The one is, what is meant by *every Ordinance of Man.* The other, what Force lies in that abjuring Expreſſion, *For the Lord's ſake.*

As to the Former; *Every Ordinance of Man* may be taken, either,

First, For every *Edict and Conſtitution, every Law and Command* that iſſues forth from thoſe that are in Authority over us. Called therefore an *Ordinance of Man,* becauſe in-

invigorated by humane Authority. Or,

Secondly, It may be taken for *Magiſtrates* themſelves. And indeed thus it ought to be underſtood in this place. And ſo the ſenſe is this: Whatſoever lawful Form of Magiſtracy or Government you live under, *Submit* your ſelves unto it. And it is here called *an Ordinance of Man*, κτίσις ἀνθρωπίνη, *an humane Creature*; not as though Magiſtracy were only an humane Invention, or a Creature of Man's making. For ſo Saint *Peter* ſhould contradict Saint *Paul*, who tells us, *Rom.* 13. 1. *There are no Powers but of God: the Powers that be, are ordained of God. And he that reſiſteth*

resisteth the Power, resisteth the Ordinance of God. But yet this *Ordinance of God*, is here called *an Ordinance of Man*; both because it is appointed among Men, and for the good of Men: and because likewise the several Forms of Government were at first modell'd, as humane Prudence and Convenience dictated. *Magistracy* is an *Ordinance of God*, in respect of its *original Institution*: but it is an *Ordinance of Man*, in respect of its *particular Constitution and Modification*.

Then as for the *Motive*, *Submit your selves for the Lord's sake*. This can bear no other sense, than upon the account of God's Command, as you would do an acceptable Ser-

vice to him. And it is *tantamount* to that other place, Rom. 13. 5. *You must needs be subject, not only for Wrath*, i. e. for fear of the Prince's Wrath, and the direful Effects that may follow upon it in case of Disobedience; *but also for Conscience-sake*, i. e. because of those Obligations which lie upon Conscience from God's Commands. For nothing can be done for Conscience-sake, which is not done out of respect to God's Authority, who is the only supream Lord of Conscience, and hath strictly bound it to all Duties of Submission to his under Officers and Vicegerents upon Earth. So that disobedience to the *Ordinance of Man*, rest not there, but

but becomes Rebellion against God himself. Princes Rule by virtue of God's Commission and Authority; they are his Lieutenants in the World, and therefore to disobey them, is to rebel against that Sovereign and Divine Authority by which they reign.

Hence therefore let us observe, *That Obedience to earthly Kings and Governors, is a Duty we owe to them, and not to them only, but to the Great King, and Governor of Heaven and Earth. Submit your selves for the Lord's sake.*

Man was at first created after the Image and Similitude of God; and one great part of that Image consisted in his Dominion over the Creatures.

But Kings in this particular, approach much nearer unto the Divine Resemblance, and have *fairer strokes* of this Image drawn upon them than any other Men. They are raised in Power and Soveraignty, not only over the *brute* and *irrational Creatures*, as others are; but over *Men* themselves, and are *Lords of those*, who are *Lords of the World*. As *Adam* was therefore like unto God, because inferior to none but him; so are they. The Image of Divinity is so conspicuous in their Dominion and Soveraignty, that upon this very account alone, God takes them into co-partnership of that Glorious Name, whereby Himself

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is known, *Pſal.* 82. 6. *I have ſaid, Ye are Gods.* Whatſoever they be for other Indowments, whether Vertuous or Vicious, Perſecutors, or Favourers of Religion; yet in reſpect of Soveraignty, and Dominion, they are the viſible Images, and lively Pourtraicts of God upon Earth.

Now as a contumely, or diſhonour done to the Image or Statue of a Man, redounds only to the diſhonour of the Perſon whom it repreſents, (and therefore States, to puniſh thoſe who are either dead, or fled out of their reach, have been oftentimes known to execute their Pictures); ſo it is here: Diſobedience to the Lawful Magiſtrate, re-

flects contempt upon God himself, whose Image the Magistrate is: And by *despising Government, and speaking evil of Dignities*, they only invent a way how they may rebel against, and depose God *in Effigie*.

But it is not my design to make a *Panegyrick* in magnifying Kingly Power; but rather to give some Instructions concerning that *Submission* and *Obedience* which we owe unto it upon the Command of God. Never certainly was it more needful than now, rightly to state how far, and upon what grounds we are obliged to obey the *Powers* that God hath set over us. Which possibly we may gain some Light to discern

discern by a through sifting of these following Distinctions.

First; We must distinguish of *Rulers*: For they are either *lawful Magistrates*, or *Usurpers*. And blessed be God, that we may now without danger, make such a distinction as this is. 1.

Secondly; As *they*, so their *Commands* may be either *lawful* or *unlawful*. 2.

Thirdly; Obedience to their lawful Commands may be considered as due, either in point of *Prudence*, or else in point of *Conscience*. 3.

4. *Fourthly*; Obedience in point of Conſcience, is either *Active*, in performing what is required; or *Paſſive*, in ſuffering what is threatned.

Out of theſe *Diſtinctions*, I ſhall form ſeveral *Propoſitions*, reſolutory (as I hope) to my Subject in hand.

1. *Firſt*; Therefore, No ſubjection is due to an *unlawful and uſurping Power*, upon *God's Command*, and *for Conſcience ſake*. Some of late Years who have been mighty loth *to diſpute Titles* againſt their preſent Intereſt and Advantage, have earneſtly oppoſed this Aſſertion: affirming that *uſurped Power*,

Power, though it be *unlawful* in the *Acquiſition*, yet becomes ſo far *lawful* when *acquired*, as to oblige Conſcience it ſelf to ſubmiſſion. A ſtrange and abſurd Opinion this; as if that became lawful by being *accompliſh'd*, which was wicked and ſinful in being but *attempted*. Then muſt *proſperous* wickedneſs, hereafter be taken for Vertue; and the only way to *juſtify* a bad undertaking, muſt be to go *through with it*. No; It is not a *rude*, *boiſterous Power*, that may perhaps be like an irreſiſtible Torrent, and bear all down before it; it is not this, but *Right* and *Title* that inveſts a *Magiſtrate*. Magiſtracy and Authority, is too *Sacred a Thing* to be intail'd upon

upon the *longeſt Sword*, and the *ſtrongeſt Arm*. And certainly, if actual poſſeſſion of Soveraignty can make good any *Uſurper's* Title unto it, and make him *the Power ordained of God*, by the ſame reaſon may any plead Title to your Houſes and Eſtates, who can either by force, or fraud, make entry upon them.

But yet as abſurd as this Doctrine is, *Scripture* is alledged for it: and of all, that place is eſpecially inſiſted on, Rom. 13. 1. *There is no Power but of God; the Powers that be, are ordained of God.* Hence they collect, That the *very Being or Exiſtence of a Power*, makes it the *Ordinance of God*, and

and obligeth even *Conſcience* it ſelf to Obedience. But here, it is not the Apoſtle's intent to aſſert, that the *Being* of a Power makes it lawful; but that thoſe *lawful Powers that are*, are God's Ordinance and Appointment. And this appears,

Firſt; Becauſe the word ἐξουσία, which is here tranſlated *Power*, is not any where uſed in the New Teſtament; but only to ſignify *Authority, and a lawful Power*. Yea, when the *Devil* himſelf uſed it, *Luke* 4. 6. He would willingly have had our Saviour underſtood him in this ſence. And not to inſiſt on this, the very notation of it from the

the Verb ἔξεστι, *Licet*, proves the only proper uſe of it to be for *lawful Power*.

Secondly; This *Power* which the Text ſpeaks of, is ſuch as may *not be reſiſted*. *Whoſoever reſiſteth the Power, reſiſteth the Ordinance of God; and they that reſiſt, ſhall receive unto themſelves damnation*, verſ. 2. But now that Power which hath no Title to Sovereignty, beſides preſent poſſeſſion, may be *lawfully reſiſted*, without the ſad doom of incurring Damnation for ſo doing. What frequent Inſtances have we in the Book of *Judges*, of the Revolutions of the Iſraelites Affairs. Often in the Poſſeſſion, and under the oppreſſion

preſſion of their neighbouring Kings, till God raiſed them up Deliverers to reſcue them from that Bondage and Slavery. They did not think they were for *Conſcience*, or for *God's ſake*, bound to obey the uſurping Powers they were at times under. No, though their Uſurpers might plead ſometimes Twenty, ſometimes Forty Years preſcription to ſtrengthen their Title. Not to inſtance in all the particulars I might, (for that would be too tedious) what ſhall we think of *Jehoiada's* Proceedings, not only in *reſiſting*, but in *depoſing*, *and putting Athaliah to death*. Clear it is, that ſhe had the Sovereignty in poſſeſſion, and

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ſtood ſeiz'd of it above ſix Years. Yet none (I hope) will affirm, that *Jehoiada reſiſted God's Ordinance*, or incurred *Damnation*, by depoſing her, and reſtoring his rightful *Prince*. Again,

Thirdly, Since the only Title that an *Uſurper* hath to Soveraignty, is his *reſiſting*, and deſtroying the lawful Power, it will follow, that a damnable Act, as this is, may of it ſelf confer a *lawful Power*, if Invaſion, or Poſſeſſion alone can make it ſuch, which is an Opinion ſo wild, that Sobriety and Reaſon abhor it. 'Tis true indeed, many have been righteful Soveraigns, who aſcended the Throne

Throne by flagitious Crimes, and the murder of their Predeceſſors: but yet the Title could never be devolved upon them by their wickedneſs, but either by Elective or Hereditary Succeſſion. They have reſiſted, and deſtroyed the lawful Powers, only to make way for their own Title to take place; but never can it be conceived, that Rebellion ſhould give a Title; or that God ſhould give a Man ſuch a form of Deputation, as doth at once *confirm* his *Authority*, and *ſeal* his *Damnation*. It is evident therefore, that lawful Soveraignty is not founded upon actual Poſſeſſion, but a fix'd and ſetled right; and conſequently where-ever

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an Usurping Power is advanc'd, neither God, nor Conscience require submission to it.

And yet to give the contrary Opinion some plausible colour, it is here objected, that *those very Persons* which the Apostle speaks of, and which the believing *Romans* ought not to resist upon pain of Damnation, were but *Usurpers*: the *Cæsars* intruding by Force and Violence, and the Ruin of the Common-Wealth, into the Supream Authority.

To this may be answered; That not to dispute their right in first *seising* of the *Roman Empire*, which possibly (as I think

think in moſt, if not all other Governments) might be unjuſt enough; yet it is as certain, and as clear as Hiſtory can make any thing, that they were by the free Votes both of *Senate* and *People*, and all the Authority of that *State* ſetled and acknowledged for their rightful Magiſtrates, and enjoyed the Title and Power for ſome ſucceſſion of Emperors, before the Apoſtle wrote this Epiſtle. And therefore Obedience was due to them, upon the account of *Conſcience*, and *for God's ſake*. But it no way follows, that becauſe the *Powers that then were*, were God's Ordinance, that therefore *every Power* that is at

any time *existent*, must needs be so too. That's the first Position.

2. *Secondly*; Upon *prudential* and self-preserving Principles, Submission may sometimes be yielded to the *lawful Commands* of an unlawful and usurping Power. *Lawful Commands* I call them, not as though such had any right to command, but because they may command that which is right and lawful to be done. Now, though it be every Man's Duty, by all likely and probable Means, to endeavour the suppression of an usurping Power; yet *Prudence*, and that Soveraign Law of *Self-preservation*, must dictate to him

him the Way and Manner how it may be accomplish'd; which till it be found *feasible*, it is but precipitateness for any Man to oppose himself *naked* and *defenceless* against *armed* Violence. This rashness doth but *throw away* a Life, which if preserved till fairer Opportunity presents it self, might become greatly serviceable to the rightful Prince; and instead of deposing, doth but secure the Usurper, alarming him against the future Attempts of others, to which Confidence and Security might else expose him. And therefore *Jehojada* did not declare against *Athaliah*, till he had ingaged the Officers of the Army, and laid his Com-

bination ſo, as Reaſon might vote it would prove ſucceſsful. But enough, and too much already of *Uſurped Powers*. Therefore,

3. *Thirdly*; We ought to obey the Commands of the Lawful Magiſtrate, in thoſe things which are in themſelves *neceſſary* to be done, and our *indiſpenſable Duty*; and that not only out of *Conſcience to God*, but alſo out of *Conſcience to him*. Such are all the Duties of the Law of Nature, and of the written Law of God, which the Magiſtrate ought to inforce upon us by his Authority; for he is *Cuſtos utriuſque Tabulæ, the Guardian of both Tables of the Law*. And though

though the Duties therein prescribed, do before-hand bind the Conscience to the practice of them; yet also is the guilt of transgressing them, aggravated by the addition of the Magistrate's Command; and it is no contemptible Security added to the Laws of God, when they have a *Guard* of Humane Laws set about them; and none can violate the Laws of God, but he must also wrong and violate the Authority of his Prince. As for Instance, We ought to worship God after a right and due manner; we ought to *honour our Parents, to abstain from Theft, Murder, and Adultery*, though there were no humane Laws to require it

from us. But yet when the Magiſtrate ſhall interpoſe *his Authority*, and injoin the very ſame; theſe Duties lie then more *preſſing* and *binding* upon our Conſciences. For then the ſtrength of divers Commands is put together *into one*; and we are *doubly* obliged to theſe Duties, both by *thoſe Laws* of God which expreſly require them; and alſo by *another Law* of God, which requires *Obedience* to our *Magiſtrates*. Of this I think, there is no doubt at all made; and therefore,

4. *Fourthly*; If the thing commanded be *indifferently lawful*, and *appear ſo to us*; that is, if it be in its own Nature ſuch as we

we may either do it, or not do it without ſin; then are we to be determined by the Magiſtrate's Commands to do what he requires, and to abſtain from what he forbids. For though after the Magiſtrate hath interpoſed his Authority, the thing remains in it it ſelf ſtill *indifferent*, yet it no longer remains *ſo*, as to our practice; but it is a Sin in us, not to do what lawfully we may when he requires it. For I ſuppoſe a Magiſtrate hath a greater command over his Subjects, than any Father hath over his Children; ſince the Magiſtrate is the *Common Father*, *Pater Patriæ*, and Children are bound to obey him, rather than their Parents, when

their Commands contradict one the other. Now which of you doth not assume to himself such an Authority over his Child, as to think him bound in Duty, to do that upon your Command, which before you commanded him, was meerly indifferent, and might either be done by him, or not done? The same Obedience therefore which you expect from your Children in things indifferent, the same you owe to your Prince, and the *Authority* that's over *you*.

And therefore it is a most *absurd* Opinion which some have taken up, that things in themselves *indifferent*, become *unlawful* when *imposed*. As if that were unlawful to be done

done when commanded, which was lawful to be done, even without a Command: or any thing could be lawful, when only permitted; but ſinful, when enjoined.

And as it is hugely abſurd and irrational, ſo it is very dangerous and pernicious: For it cuts the very Sinews, and plucks up the very Roots of Government. It caſhiers and abrogates the far greater part of all humane Laws; and abridgeth the Magiſtrates Authority, in injoining any thing, but expreſs Duties, commanded before of God in Scripture.

And ſee what a wild Conſequence will follow upon this Tenent? For if things indifferently

rently lawful, become ſinful when impoſed, then by the ſame Reaſon they muſt needs become neceſſary, when they are forbidden. And ſo conſequently, whatſoever of this Nature the Magiſtrate ſhall forbid, Men muſt look upon themſelves as bound in Conſcience to practiſe: And what *Monſters* lie in the Womb of this Conſequence, any underſtanding Man may at firſt glance perceive. What is this, but to ſpell the Magiſtrate's Authority *backwards*; and to give him that Power over your Conſciences by his *Prohibitions*, which you deny to his *Commands* and *Injunctions*? This *Tenent* therefore is moſt

moſt *ridiculous*, moſt *fooliſh*, and moſt *pernicious*.

We ought then in all things, which are in themſelves *indifferent*, and *appear ſo to us*, to give ready and chearful Obedience to the Commands of our lawful Magiſtrates, and that for the Lord's ſake. And here they are not little Prejudices, nor little Inconveniencies; becauſe ſuch a Command croſſeth my former Cuſtoms, or my preſent Humour, that can ſuperſede my Obligation. No, nor is it lawful, without very great and preſſing Reaſons, and almoſt a Neceſſity, to chuſe the *Paſſive part* of the Command, to undergo the *Penalty*, rather than fulfil the *Precept*. And

that

that becauſe the Penalty is only annexed, as the *ſecondary Will* of the Magiſtrates, to inforce the Precept; nor doth the Law primarily aim at *Puniſhment*, but at *Conformity* to it. This is to be accounted the *Will* of the Magiſtrate, whoſe *Will* is our *Obligation* in all things that are lawful and indifferent. And therefore to chuſe the *Penal*, before the *Preceptive* Part of Obedience, without very weighty and neceſſitating Reaſons urging us thereunto, cannot altogether be excuſed from *Diſobedience*; becauſe it comes not up to that Conformity which the Magiſtrate principally intends. That's the fourth Poſition.

Fifthly;

Fifthly; If the thing be indifferently lawful in it ſelf, but appears *doubtful* unto us, and we cannot reſolve our ſelves whether it be lawful, or evil; I think we are obliged (till we receive clearer Light and Information) to take *that part* of the doubt, which the Magiſtrate commands us, as being the ſafeſt, and moſt ſatisfactory to Conſcience. And my Reaſon is this; Becauſe the Obligation that lies upon us to *obey* the Magiſtrate's Commands, is *certain*; but the *unlawfulneſs* of what thou *doubteſt* is *not ſo*: and therefore his Authority ought to preponderate with us, and make that our *un-* 5.

doubted

doubted Duty, which was before but a *doubted and ſuſpected Sin.*

Indeed, the Apoſtle tells us, *Rom.* 14. 23. *That whatſoever is not of Faith, i. e.* whatſoever is not done, or forborn with a rational perſwaſion of the lawfulneſs of doing or forbearing it, *is ſin*; and that *whoſoever doubteth, is damned if he eat.* But in this Caſe, the Magiſtrate's Commands do not ingage thee to do any thing *doubting*, but rather will ſolve thy *Doubts*, and diſintangle thee from the Snare in which thy Conſcience was held. For though the nature of the thing be not at all *changed* by his Commands, yet thy doubtful Mind may be

be well *ſetled*: For *upon his Command*, thou haſt reaſon to think that thy *Duty*, which *before his Command*, thou couldſt not abſolutely conclude to be a *Sin*. That's a fifth Poſition.

Sixthly; If the thing injoined, be in it ſelf ſinful and unlawful, or at leaſt appear ſo unto us, then take theſe two following Rules. 6.

Firſt; We ought not, upon any Pretences or Inducements whatſoever, to yield *Active Obedience* to ſuch a Command. In this Caſe, that Plea of the Apoſtle holds good, and will do ſo ever, *Acts* 5. 29. *We ought to obey God rather than Men.*

Men. And, *Acts* 4. 19. *Whether it be right in the ſight of God to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judg ye.* And in this Caſe, it was no rude nor uncivil, but a noble and truly Heroick Anſwer, which the Three Worthies gave unto *Nebuchadnezzar*, Dan. 3. 18. *Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not ſerve thy Gods, nor worſhip the Golden Image which thou haſt ſet up.* For when Princes Commands contradict the Commands of God, they carry no Authority in them to inforce our *Active Obedience*; no more than the Commands of an *Inferior Magiſtrate* do, when they contradict the Laws of the *Supream.*

Yea,

Yea, we are not to yield *Active Obedience*, not only when their Commands *are* expreſly againſt the Commands of God; but when we are verily in our own Conſciences ſo perſwaded. For Conſcience rules us in God's Name, and whatſoever it dictates, it believes to be the very Will and Mind of God. And therefore to ſlight the Voice of Conſcience, is interpretatively to ſlight the Voice of God. And thoſe who will not follow the Voice of Conſcience, when they believe its Dictates to be the Will of God, would not follow them, though indeed they were ſo.

But then we muſt be ſure that we have expreſs Word

and Warrant from God; and not take up with doubtful and obscure Texts, and more doubtful and remote Consequences, to dispence with us from that Obedience, which is evidently and frequently required. But,

Secondly; Though we may not yield *Active Obedience* to the unlawful Commands of our Superiors, yet we are bound to yield *Passive Obedience* to them. For all Humane Laws consist of a *Precept*, and a *Penalty*; where the *Precept* may not be *obeyed*, yet the *Penalty* must be *submitted to*, with all Patience and Quietness, though it reach to the loss of our Estates, or of our Liberty,

Liberty, yea, the dearest of all our Possessions, Life itself; unless we can prudently withdraw our selves, and avoid their Rage by flight. That's the sixth Position.

Seventhly, and lastly; We ought in no Case whatsoever to resist, and rebel against the lawful Powers that God hath set over us; yea, though they should use their Power unlawfully. *For whosoever resisteth the Power, resisteth the Ordinance of God. And they that resist, shall receive to themselves Damnation.* As it is in the Government of a State or Nation, if any Inferior Magistrate abuse his Power over thee, thou art not presently to op- 7.

poſe him by any violent or illegal Proceedings; nor to make any Inſurrection againſt him, and pull him off his Tribunal, or diveſt him of his Authority; but appeal to the Prince and Supream Magiſtrate, for redreſs of thoſe Wrongs. So likewiſe here, if the Supream Magiſtrate ſhould abuſe his Soveraign Power, and command thee to do what God, his Superior, hath commanded thee not to do, and ſhall puniſh thee for not obeying him, and offending God; thou art not to reſiſt, nor make Conſpiracies againſt him, nor to raiſe Tumults and Seditions to depoſe him from his Authority; but only quietly and meekly to appeal unto God, who

who alone is his *Judg* and *Ruler*, and to beg him to take thy Cauſe into his cognizance, and redreſs thy Wrongs and Injuries.

Yea, put the Caſe as high as we can; ſuppoſe that Chriſtian Subjects ſhould live under the Dominion of a Prince, who, as he is a *God* in reſpect of *Power*, ſo he is a *Devil* in reſpect of *Cruelty* and *Miſchief*; Suppoſe the two worſt Caſes that can befal them.

Firſt; That he ſhould injoin them *Superſtition and Idolatry*.

Secondly; That he ſhould oppreſs them by *Perſecution and Tyranny*.

If ever there were a ſpecious Pretence for Subjects to

ſay, *Shall I ſmite him, ſhall I ſmite him?* it is in this Suppoſition. Here ſeems the beſt Cauſe, and the higheſt Equity in the World, to deliver the *World* from a *Monſter*, and the *Church* from a *Devil*. Yet, I ſay, neither of theſe can juſtify *Rebellion* againſt him, or *Revenge* upon him. Was there ever a more accompliſh'd and conſummate Wretch than *Nero*? A Man that made the *martyrdom* of Chriſtians his *Paſtime*; * and burnt them in the Streets of *Rome* to light him from the Stews. And yet St. *Paul* commands the Roman Chriſtians to ſubmit *to him for Conſcience-ſake*, and threatens them with *Damnation* if they *reſiſt*.

* *Percuntibus (Chriſtianis) ludibria addita, ut ferarum tergis contecti, laniatu canum interirent, aut crucibus affixi aut flammandi; atq; ubi defeciſſet dies, in uſum nocturni luminis urerentur.* Tacit. *Annal. l.* 15.

No,

No, we ought in this Case (though it be far from the fiery Spirit of our Times) to *receive Blows*, but not to *strike again*, and rather to indure the greatest of Cruelties, than lift up our hands to revenge them.

And indeed there is a great deal of reason for it. For,

First, *Punishment* is an Act of *Vengeance*. Now Revenge is such a wild untamed thing, that God hath not trusted it in any private hands, but reserved it to himself, who can best dispense and govern it. *Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it*, Rom. 12. 19. So that none ought to intermeddle with this part of 1.

Juſtice, but thoſe whom God hath impower'd thereunto, and made his Subſtitute Officers and Miniſters to diſpenſe it, and that is only the Magiſtrate. Rom. 13. 4. *He is the Miniſter of God, a Revenger to execute Wrath upon him that doth evil.* None are to be *Revengers*, but *God*, and *Magiſtrates*. Magiſtrates upon *evil Men*; and God upon *evil Magiſtrates*. Private Chriſtians have nothing to do with *Revenge*, or Puniſhment: no, not to inflict it one upon another; much leſs upon their *Rulers*: and if they do; as they *rebel* againſt *Men*, ſo they *uſurp* upon God, and put themſelves in his ſtead.

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Secondly; Princes are *ſupream* to all, but God; and therefore *accountable* to none beſides him. All Humane Power is *ſubordinate* to theirs, and *derived* from it: for from the *chief*, do *other* Magiſtrates receive their Authority and Commiſſion; and therefore cannot any Humane Power puniſh thoſe on whoſe Authority they depend. 2.

Thirdly; What a wide Gap for all manner of *Confuſion* and *Diſorder*, would this open to the World! who, that fancies himſelf aggrieved and wrong'd, would not preſently make a Party, and ſound the Trumpet, and proclaim 3.

claim that he had Equity and Justice on his side, and so hurl all into *Tumults* and wild *Confusion*? But though thou may'st have suffered real injustice; yet thou oughtest not to rebel. The Wise Man hath long since condemned the *striking of Princes for Equity*, Prov. 17.26. Whether for *their Equities-sake* or *thine*. And the Apostle reckons it the *glory* of a Christian, and an acceptable *Service* to God, patiently to indure when we *suffer Evil* for *doing Well*. 1 Pet. 2. 19, 20, 21. *What glory is it, if when ye be buffeted for your Faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently; this is acceptable with God. For even*

hereunto

hereunto were ye called: because also Christ suffered for us, leaving us an Example, that ye should follow his steps.

Yea, even *Religion*, the best and most precious of all our Enjoyments, is too weak a cause to justify Rebellion and Insurrections. To think that upon the account of *Religion*, or any Form, or Mode, either of Worship or Discipline, that Men are zealous for, they may lawfully oppose, yea, and depose the Authority that God hath set over them, is a Tenent utterly *irreligious*. And truly Religion can never so much suffer by the fiercest *Persecution*, as by such wild and rebellious *Principles*. It is a Doctrine quite contrary

contrary to the true *Genius* and *Conſtitution* of Chriſtianity. In the Primitive Times, for the long ſpace of Three hundred Years, till at length the *Roman* Emperors gave up their Names to *Chriſt*, thoſe who commanded the whole World, ſet all their Wit and Force to cruſh this growing Doctrine, but were ſtill diſappointed in this Attempt. Whence this Defeat? Was it becauſe they were overborn by the too powerful Reſiſtance that the Chriſtians made againſt them? Nothing leſs: * For though almoſt every City, every Village, every Family; yea, their Camps, and Armies abounded with

* *Si enim hoſtes apertos, non tantùm vindices occultos agere vellemus, deeſſet nobis vis numerorum & copiarum? Plures nimirum*

with Christians, as *Tertullian* witnesseth in his *Apologetick*: yet under all those savage and barbarous Persecutions, that butcher'd them up *like Sheep appointed to the Slaughter*, we never read of any *Insurrection* against the lawful Magistrate.

rum, Mauri & Marcomanni, ipsiq; Parthi, vel quantacunq; unius tamen loci, & suorum finium gentes, quam totius orbis? Externi sumus, & vestra omnia implevimus, urbes, insulas, castella, municipia, conciliabula, castra ipsa, tribus, decurias, palatium, senatum, forum; sola vobis relinquimus templa. Cui bello non idonei, non prompti fuissemus, etiam copiis impares, qui tam libenter trucidamur, si non apud istam disciplinam, magis occidi liceret quam occidere? Tertul. Apol.

* Nay, the *Fathers* boast and glory of this *conquering patience* of the Christians, and

* *Circa Majestatem Imperatoris infamamur; tamen nunquam Albiniani, vel Nigriani, vel Cassiani, inveniri potuerunt Christiani.* Tertul. *ad Scapulam. Unde Cassii, & Nigri, & Albini? unde qui inter duas lauros obsident Cæsarem? Unde qui faucibus ejus exprimendis palæstricam exercent? —— De Romanis, ni fallor, id est, de non Christianis.* Tert. *Apol. vid.* Aug. *de civ. Dei*, l. 22. c. 6.

chal-

challenge the Heathen to produce any one Instance of a *Mutiny* or *Sedition*, wherein a Christian was engaged. (*) Notwithstanding their vast *numbers* that might make them *potent*; notwithstanding they were all *devoted to Ruin and Destruction*, which might make them *desperate*; and *Despair* added to *Power* makes it *invincible*; yet we read of no Tumults, no Uproars, no Wars raised by them in the State; for the Peace and Prosperity of which they prayed *dying*; and took the Sword, rather into their *Throats*, than into their *Hands*: Nor was it their

* *Non nos adversum te, Imperator, armavit ipsa, quæ fortissima est in periculis, desperatio. Tenemus ecce arma, & non resistimus, quia mori magis quam vincere volumus, & innocentes interire, quam noxii vivere præoptamus. Exuperius legionis Thebææ signifer, ad Maximinian.*

their method to propagate Christianity and true Religion, by any other Blood but their own. This was the way by which the *Primitive Church* thrived, which sent more Christians to Heaven, and gained more to be Christians on Earth, than ever the Pomp and Splendour of it hath done since.

This was the true Evangelical Spirit, which taught them to obey their Magistrate's Commands in what was *lawful*, and in what was *otherwise*, either prudently to avoid their rage by flight, or patiently to indure it by dying. They had not learn'd that Lirry, that the Saints are the only Lords of the World; that all the

ungodly

ungodly (and all muſt be ſuch, whom they pleaſed) were but *Uſurpers* and *Intruders* upon *their Rights*: That they muſt *Overturn, Overturn, Overturn*, to make way for the *Kingdom* of *Chriſt*; intending, no doubt to ſet themſelves, one at *his right Hand*, and another at *his left*, in that *his Kingdom*. The Doctrine of the Goſpel taught them not theſe violent and rebellious Principles; but it is as full of *Peace* as it is of *Purity*; and inſtructed them to acknowledg their Magiſtrate's Authority, to pray for their Proſperity, to obey their Commands chearfully, or quietly to ſuffer Puniſhment: and this though they had abundant

Provo-

Provocation to reſiſt, and *Probability* of being *ſucceſsful*.

Much more *damnable*, therefore is it, when there is no ſuch *provocation* given; when *Religion*, and *Piety*, and *Juſtice*, are only pretended; when Godly Princes diſcharge their Conſcience, and their Chriſtian Duty in the Government committed unto them; much more damnable is it, I ſay, yea, damnable to the utmoſt degree of Damnation, for Subjects upon every whimſical Diſcontent, to reſiſt, impriſon, depoſe, and murder them; while they cheat and cozen the World with the Pretences of Saints, but do the Works of Devils.

And now had this Doctrine been more preſt, and more ponder'd of late Years, we had not *this day* had this ſad occaſion to be humbled for the unparallel'd wickedneſs of *Yeſterday*. A day it was, that were it not it afforded us an opportunity to teſtify our abhorrency and deteſtation of that bloody Villany it once ſaw, we might well wiſh that the Year would skip it over; and imprecate it, as *Job* doth the day of his Birth, *Job* 3. 3, 4. *Let that day periſh, let it be darkneſs, let not God regard it, neither let the Light ſhine upon it: let Darkneſs, and the ſhadow of Death ſtain it, and a perpetual Cloud dwell upon it.* A day that hath brought an indelible Blot

and

and Infamy upon these Nations, and made us a Reproach and Scorn to the whole World. And what is worse, it hath exposed Religion it self to contempt and hatred, and made it a Reproach to Scorners, who whilst they saw those very Men that so highly pretended Reformation, and the Power of Godliness, imbrew their Hands in *Royal and Sacred Blood*, have been ready to conclude, that to profess Religion, is nothing else but to seek a Varnish and Colour for some black and horrid Wickedness. This hath rendred the Reverend Name of Godliness, despicable and odious to prophane Spirits; who whilst they saw none privi-

ledged to act their Rapines, Revenge, Injuſtice, and moſt wrongful Uſurpation and Tyranny, but thoſe whoſe Mouths were as full of a glorious Profeſſion, as their Hands were of wicked Deeds, have charged all thoſe Impieties upon the ſcore of Religion, and made it bear the burden of thoſe Crimes with which it is not conſiſtent.

It was once the glory of the Proteſtant Religion, that it taught Subjects to account the Perſons of their Princes Sacred and Inviolable; Supream to all under God, and accountable to none but Him: and poſſibly this one Doctrine hath been no ſmall Advantage to make it gain ſo much ground

ground in ſo ſhort a ſpace. But now our Adverſaries triumph in the ſhame of our Profeſſion, when the moſt notorious Regicides, who not only avow the Doctrine, but publickly perpetrate the Fact of depoſing and killing a King, are found among thoſe who pretended to be at the greateſt diſtance from Romiſh Principles and Practices. There is indeed a great difference between the Doctrine of a *Schiſm*, and the Doctrine of a *Church*; between the practice of a *Nation*, and the practice of a prevalent *Faction* in the Nation. And bleſſed be God, we have this ſtill left to ſilence the Recriminations of all Antichriſtian Adverſaries; that

to depose and assassinate *Kings*, is not the Doctrine of the *Protestant Church*, but of the *Romish Synagogue*. And as it was not the Doctrine of the *Church*, but of a *Schism*; so neither was it the *Fact* of the *Nation*, but of a rebellious and prevailing *Faction* in it; nor could their armed violence reach the *Head*, till they had first destroyed the *Body*, both of *Church* and *State*.

But it is not the Work of this Day to *excuse any*, but to *stir up all* to bemoan this bloody and horrid Crime. A Crime the most horrid and accursed that ever was acted under the Sun, but only when a Miracle eclips'd it from looking on. Though the Histories

of

of all Nations abound with the ſad Tragedies of their lawful Princes aſſaſſinated by their Subjects, yet we may ſtill remark, that their Wickedneſs was either ſo Timerous, or ſo Modeſt, as to endeavour to hide the Blood they ſhed, and durſt not be otherwiſe guilty, but with thoſe Advantages of Night and Secrecy, that might make them appear Innocent. But here Royal and Sacred Blood is Theatrically ſpilt; and the Fact avowed by the impudent Pomp and Solemnity of Villany. Villany ſo profligate, that it ſcorn'd to proceed in a clandeſtine manner, but as it was reſolved to out-do all the Examples of former Regi-

cides, ſo to out-face all that ſhould dare to oppoſe or condemn it. And therefore to add Ceremony and Scorn to Murder, they erect a Pageantry of Juſtice; ſummon the *Throne* to appear before the *Bar*; arraign *Majeſty*, before which Awe and Reverence ſhould have made them tremble; condemn him for their own Crimes; and execute that wicked Sentence with all the Oſtentation that triumphant Spight and Malice could invent.

And that which makes all this the more odious and execrable; all this was tranſacted under *Forms of Juſtice*, and *ſpecious Pretexts of the Glory of God*, and the Intereſts of Religion.

ligion. Here the *Faith* bleeds together with the *Defender* of it: Religion it ſelf ſuffers by the vile hypocriſy of thoſe who pretended to an higher ſtrain of Godlineſs in Practice, and Reformation in Diſcipline, than yet the World had ever known. And it is likely to ſuffer an eternal Reproach, as long as there are any *Popiſh* Blaſphemers, to caſt it into the Teeth of *Proteſtants*, that they never thought their Religion *pure enough*, till it was *waſh'd in the Blood* of a *Chriſtian King*, of the ſame profeſſion with themſelves. O prodigy of Wickedneſs! That ever *Juſtice* ſhould be pretended to the committing of a Crime ſo full of dread and horror, that

that it might well puzzle and *nonplus Juſtice* how to *puniſh* it, and *Mercy* how to *forgive* it! That ever the increaſe of true Piety, and the Advancement of the Honour of Religion ſhould be made a colour to the ſhedding the *Blood of a King*, a *Fact* that gave *Religion* the moſt *mortal Wound* that ever it received, ſince it was firſt planted in the World by *the Blood of our Saviour!* And yet thoſe Sacred Names, *The Purity of Worſhip*, *The Reformation of Abuſes*, *The Honour and Glory of God*, *Law*, *and Juſtice*, *and the due Liberty of the Subject*, muſt be made a *Stale* by thoſe Men (who could not elſe have ſucceſsfully acted ſuch a *deviliſh* part, unleſs they

they appeared like *Angels of Light*) to promote an impiety, whose direct Design, and natural Consequence, was to *overthrow*, and *root them all out*: and when they had cast out and slaughtred, not only their *Brethren*, but their *common Father*, set up their cry with those Hypocrites in *Isaiah*, *Now the Lord be glorified.* Isa. 66. 5.

And as this Fact was *in it self* most *impious*, so it was most *fatal* in all its *Train of Consequents.* Nothing but *Ruins and Mischiefs*, *Extortion*, *Distraction*, *Sacrilege*, *Injustice*, *the Blood of many*, *and the Tears of all*, *Personal*, *Domestick*, *and publick Evils*, *Rents and Divisions at Home*, *Scorn and Contempt Abroad*, have almost ever since followed

followed, one upon the neck of another: and would to God they were ſo little felt and known, as to need recounting. Nor indeed was it fit, that ſo horrid a Crime ſhould have any better *Attendants*. And truly how could it be otherwiſe, where *Oppreſſion* and *Violence* were the only *Legiſlative Power*? where *Anarchy* and *Tyranny*, the two *Extreams* of Government, were always ſtriving for the upper hand? Where our *Lives*, *Liberties*, and *Eſtates* depended only upon the *rude Vote of the Sword*? Our *Laws*, the common Fence and Security of the Nation, and every Man's beſt and richeſt Patrimony, were themſelves *outlawed* by the private

vate Intereſts of a few ambitious Malecontents: Our Church rent in pieces by Schiſms, Errors, Hereſies, damnable Doctrines of Devils; not only publickly breach'd, but publickly patronized too.

And yet ſome eaſy Minds are ready to think thoſe times happy, becauſe of the *Liberty*, or rather indeed the Licentiouſneſs of Religion. But was Religion indeed in ſo good a plight, when in a *Junto* the Neceſſity and Uſefulneſs of the *Miniſtry* was put to the Queſtion? When Learning, Religion, and the Holy and Precious Ordinances of God, depended upon the rotten Breath of a Company of Men

Men of rotten and corrupt Minds, whose *Gain was their Godliness*, and had nothing Holy belonging to them, but what they got by Sacrilege? Was Religion in so good a plight, when we daily feared an Interdict upon our publick Assemblies? When the Solemn Worship of God was interrupted and affronted by every one that had but Impudence and Enthusiasm enough to do it? Nay, indeed Religion was vanish'd into canting Phrases, into an empty and notional Profession; and that very Profession dwindled away into innumerable Sects and Schisms, Errors and Heresies; that certainly none can think it was in a Prospe-

rous

rous Condition, but those who think Religion then prospers, when it is not much, but manifold. Those that tolerated every Sect, every Opinion, and Religion seemed so to carry themselves, as if within a while they would have excepted the True. For certainly, when once Men in Power can allow of false Doctrines, the next step is to imbrace them, the next to impose them.

Yea, the fickleness and instability of our Usurped Governments, which might give us hope of Relief, proved only the frequent renewing of our Misery; one Power still succeeding another in the same Design, all seeking to advance themselves

Haud parcit populis regnum breve Stat.

themſelves upon the Ruins of the Publick. I remember an *Apologue* of an ulcerated Man, who, when his Friends would have driven away a ſwarm of Flies that had been long ſucking his Sores; Let them alone, ſaith he, theſe are pretty well ſated; but if you drive them away, freſh Ones will come, with freſh Appetites, and more torment me. So truly it fared with us in our Toſſes and Change of Governments. When one Swarm of our Governors had their Greedineſs and Avarice ſomewhat glutted, then were we conſigned over unto another, who eat the very Fleſh of theſe Nations, and drank their Tears and Blood. Yea, and what

was

was both the Reproach and Aggravation of our Misery, those Flies were but the Offspring of Dirt and Dunghills. Our Plague was like that of *Egypt*, the very *dust of the Earth crawl'd upon us*. The meanest of the People were our Rulers, and out of those Brambles proceeded Fire, that consumed the *Cedars of Lebanon*. And according to the Pedigree of our Princes, such were our Priests and Teachers. If any could but prate Nonsence, and prove it by Blasphemy, this was a sufficient Consecration into the Office. This was enough to make him a most admired Light, who indeed was but an *Ignis fatuus*, leading the silly and

deluded Rout, through the Bogs and Precipices of Error and Hereſy, into Perdition.

This was the Poſture both of Church and State, in thoſe bleſſed Times of *Religion* and *Liberty*, which they ſo much boaſt of, and which were ſo highly advanced by thoſe Mens zealous Endeavours, that they were grown quite out of reach, and almoſt out of ſight: and had not God by a Miracle of Divine Mercy interpoſed, within a while we ſhould neither have had the Face nor the Name of *Religion* or *Liberty* left amongſt us. But he infatuated their Counſels, and defeated their Deſigns; and when there was no viſible Power to break them,

them, he dash'd them in pieces one against the other, till they mutually brake themselves. *So let all thine Enemies perish, O Lord; but let the King rejoyce in God, and joy in thy strength; through the Mercy of the most High, let him never be moved.*

Now although it hath pleased Almighty God to break that Yoak from off our Necks, and to set us free from that Oppression and Violence; yet we ought not only to detest, but bemoan the Outrages and Wickednesses that were then committed; and seek to God, that he would avert from us those Plagues and Judgments which the guilt of a Part,

may deſervedly bring upon theſe whole Nations. For this is the unhappineſs of being link'd, though not in Conſpiracy, yet in National Society with Evil-doers; that although we firſt ſuffer *from* their Sins, yet we may afterwards ſuffer *for* them. When but one *Achan* had ſinn'd; and that not ſo heinouſly, as to make him either a Murderer or a Regicide; God puniſheth the whole Camp of *Iſrael* for it, and cauſeth them to flee, and fall before their Enemies; Joſh. 7. 11. *Iſrael hath ſinned, for they have taken of the accurſed Thing, and have alſo ſtollen and diſſembled.* It was but the Fact of one private Man, and yet God chargeth it upon the whole,

whole, *Iſrael hath ſinned, and they have taken.* Such a Malignant Influence hath the very Community with wicked Men, though we have no communion with their Wickedneſs, to diffuſe Guilt and Judgments upon a whole Nation. Believe it, Blood is a loud and crying Sin. The firſt that was ever ſpilt, was heard as far as from Earth to Heaven; Gen. 4. 10. *The Voice of thy Brother's Bloud cryeth to me from the Ground.* And, *Revel.* 6. 10. *The Souls under the Altar cry with a loud Voice, How long, O Lord, Holy and True, doſt thou not judg and avenge our Blood on them which dwell on the Earth?* And if the Blood of private Perſons

be ſo audible in God's Ears, how much more loud and vocal is the Blood of a ſlaughtered *Monarch*! Eſpecially, when the Blood, Oppreſſion, and Ruins of ſo many thouſands as were involved in the direful Conſequences of that fatal Day, join their Voices with it, aſſault Heaven, and cry aloud for Vengeance. Let us then cry mightily to God, that the Voice of our Prayers may be louder in his Ears, than the Voice of our Provocations: and let us by our Tears waſh away that foul ſtain that lies upon our Profeſſion; and beg of God, that he would pour out a plentiful Effuſion of the *Blood of Chriſt*, to cleanſe theſe Nations from the

the Guilt of Blood: for nothing leſs than the *Blood of God*, which could expiate even for the ſhedding of it ſelf, can expiate for ſhedding the Blood of a *King*.

FINIS.